

No.
101
March
'66

MAD

OUR PRICE

30c

CHEAP



SPEAK SOFTLY AND CARRY MAD STICKERS!

Next time you suffer an indignity—
Next time you're taken advantage of—
Next time you're cheated or robbed or
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DON'T BOTHER TO YELL ABOUT IT!

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MAD

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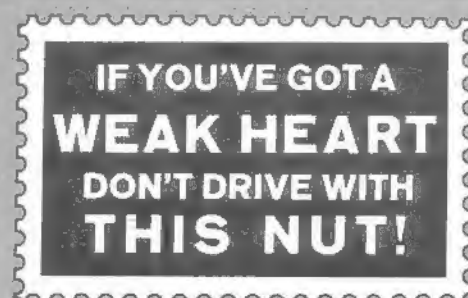
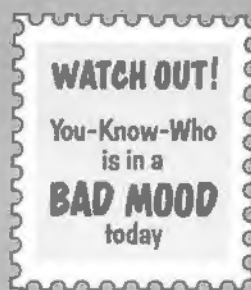
... mainly those you're stuck with as the

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Here are a few of the ridiculous MAD MISCHIEF STICKERS you'll be getting...



... along with the usual bombs and other acts of idiocy from past issues in

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MAD

"'Thinking' is what happens when you finally close your mouth and your head starts talking sense to itself!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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the usual gang of idiots

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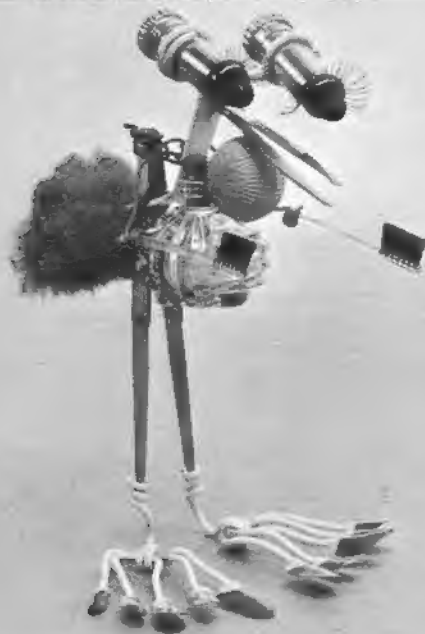
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MAD'S "What Me Worry" Kid
WITH AURORA'S
CRAZY NEW
WHAT-ME WORRY? KIT!**



**AND YOU CAN
"CUSTOMIZE"
HIM INTO SOME
NUTTY POSES!**

Extra "snap-in" arms and
signs allow you to pose
him in various attitudes,
each one sure to get you
a laugh—or more likely,
a punch in the left eye.
Like for instance these 4:



For years, we've been getting certain types of letters. In fact, we're up to here with certain types of letters. Mainly—cute, clever, "original" letters that nobody ever thought of before, and that we'd ordinarily never print in this Letter Page. But just this once, so you can suffer with them the way we've suffered, we'd like to present some excerpts from the thousands of...

LETTERS WE COULD SURE DO WITHOUT

*I bet you MAKE UP ALL
THEM LETTERS YOU PRINT*

*Thought you'd like to
know that your Editor
was on CBS-Television
last week!*

Dear Clods, Dotts + Imbicles:

*Here is 10¢. Please have
Mort Drucker draw a
life-size picture of Paul
McCartney for me, and
autograph it. To my*

*Enclosed is a picture
of my son. Don't you
think he looks like
Alfred E. Neuman?
If you are interested,*

*and my friends think
I should be in MAD be-
cause i'm so funny. X
How about th is idea
for a n article:?*

*What does the "E." in Alfred
E. Neuman stand for?*

*THIS IS THE 17TH LETTER
I HAVE WRITTEN. IF YOU
DON'T PRINT THIS ONE, I'M
NEVER GOING TO BUY YOUR
CRUMMY MAGAZINE AGAIN.*

*My son likes
to draw monsters.
Enclosed are some
samples. Don't you
think he should
draw for MAD?*

**YOU
guys
STINK**

*Boy, how do you guys get
away with it? Do you
ever get sued ???*



EDITOR'S NOTE
Please don't be scared off by these. We welcome all intelligent comments, bitter criticism and genuinely humorous letters!

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 101, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

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USED DODGE

Yep, we've used every conceivable dodge possible to get you to read these ridiculous ads offering full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing or training puppies, at 25¢ each (3 for 50¢)—and we're running out of gas. So, c'mon! Mail money to MAD, 850 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022

When is the bomb in the mail going to go off?

and the worst thing I have ever read. I dare you to print this letter!

What's the matter? Can't you guys add? On page 17 of

PLEASE EXCUSE THE
CRAYON. THEY DON'T
ALLOW US TO USE
ANYTHING SHARP HERE.

also, can you please tell me how I can get issues No.1 thru' No. 97??

and who thinks up all those crazy ideas?



HONESTY IS
THE BEST
POLICY!



DOWN WITH
SCHOOL &
HOMEWORK!

**ON SALE
NOW!
AT ALL
HOBBY
AND
CHAIN
STORES**

What does the term "Affluent Society" mean to you? Aw—go ahead! Take a guess! Nobody will laugh! You're among friends! What? Is that what you think it means? HA-HA! (If you learn nothing else from this article, you have just learned not to trust your friends!) Now, here is—

THE MAD SUBURBAN PRIMER

A CHILD'S-EYE VIEW OF
"THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY"



Lesson 1.

THE HOUSE

See the beautiful big house.
It is a very expensive big house.
Its owner can afford to be very proud.
In fact, pride is all that its owner can afford now!
The house is peaceful and quiet.
That's because no one in the suburbs ever stays home!
Father is out playing golf.
Mother is out playing cards.
And the children are sleeping at Grandma's house
Back in the city.
The only sound in the house
Is the pitter-patter of little feet.
The house is being robbed by a small burglar!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: STAN HART

Lesson 3.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

There is much juvenile delinquency in the suburbs.
Parents are always shocked to find their children
In a Police Station.
They don't even recognize them.
That's because they haven't seen them for 6 months!
Parents never know why kids go wrong.
"I've given her everything," one mother says.
"A mink stole, a sport car, a charge account,
Formal parties, a vacation in Europe . . ."
"What more," the mother cries,
"Can a girl of 9 want?"



"The trouble is
Our youngsters don't do anything constructive."
The mothers complain to each other.
The problem preys on their minds.
They discuss it every day among themselves.
Right before their Mah Jongg games.

Lesson 2.

THE LESSONS

Children in the suburbs are kept very busy.
They are forced to take many lessons.
Lessons on how to dance.
Lessons on how to act and speak.
Lessons on how to play musical instruments.
What does the suburban child learn at these lessons?
He learns that he is pleasing his parents!
Too bad he cannot take lessons
On how to be a child!



Suburban children must be a credit to their parents.
They must not lie.
They must not cheat.
They must not steal.
Poor suburban children.
They are so unprepared for the adult world!

Lesson 4.

FUN AND GAMES

In each suburban community,
There is one indispensable man.
Is it the Mayor? No! The Clergyman? No!
It is the Caterer.
Without the Caterer, there would be no parties.
Then husbands and wives
Would have to talk to each other.
They would really get to know each other.
So you see, the Caterer holds the family together!



There are always parties in the suburbs.
There are teenage parties,
And there are grownup parties.
There is wild dancing and wild kissing
And plenty of liquor and plenty of drunks.
And the grownup parties are even more fun!
The grownups play games.
These games cause lots of laughs.
These games also cause lots of divorces!

Lesson 5.

DIVORCES

There is a lot of confusion in the suburbs.
Sometimes a child does not know
Where his next father is coming from.
That's because there are a lot of divorces
In the suburbs.

When parents get divorced,
They sign visitation agreements,
The Father will see the children
On Wednesdays and Saturdays.
That's one more day than he sees them now!



He will take them to shows and ball games.
He will become their pal.
He isn't their pal now.
He will give them big allowances,
And he won't come around
Threatening to take it away when they are bad.
Mother and Father will play a game.
The game will be called
"Let's See Who Can Be Kinder To The Children."
Divorces must be a good thing!
It makes people into such good parents!

Lesson 7.

HOUSEHOLD HELP

See the woman hiding in the bushes.
She is a kidnapper.
She is trying to kidnap
Her neighbor's maid.
A maid is very important in the suburbs.
She is the child's second mother.
The first mother
Is the nurse.



Some maids are a problem.
Some maids stay on the telephone for hours,
Or sleep all afternoon,
Or drink.
This keeps the woman of the house
so busy checking her maid
That the woman has no time
To stay on the telephone for hours,
Or sleep all afternoon,
Or drink.

Some people have this problem solved.
They bring a young girl over from Sweden
To be their maid.
It sounds like a very clever idea
Thought up by a very clever husband.



Lesson 6.

PARENTAL SUPERVISION

In the suburbs, some parents
Try to teach their children real values.
One youngster has a newspaper route.
His mother beams with pride
As she drives him on his rounds
In her Cadillac.



She deposits the money he makes in the bank.
Last week, he made \$4.80.
Sometimes she adds to it
To make the deposit a round number.
Last week, she added \$95.20.
She wants him to know what it feels like
To earn his own money.

Someday, he will have enough money
To put himself through Medical School
And become a Doctor.
His mother will beam with pride
As she drives him on his rounds
In her Cadillac.



Lesson 8.

WHY THE SUBURBS?

"Why do people move to the suburbs?" you ask.
"We do it for our children!" the parents answer.
That's why they buy a big \$50,000 house—
Because what child could possibly be happy in less!
That's why they join an exclusive Country Club—
Which doesn't allow dogs or children!
That's why they hire gardeners to fix the lawn
So it looks pretty—
Too pretty for children to play on!
That's why they build finished basements—
So the children can't play there either
Because they might scratch the fancy bar
Or scuff the grownups' pool table!



Isn't it wonderful to be a child in the suburbs?
Think about all the poor children in the slums.
They live in such terrible homes
That they can sit in the living room
Any time they want!

VIDEO A GO GO DEPT.

For many years, TV was geared to the 12-year-old mind. Lately, however, there's been a big change. Today, television is geared to the 13-year-old mind. In other words, it's geared to the teenager. For instance, there are shows that are *obviously* directed at teenagers, like "Shindig" and "Hulla-

When Teenagers Take

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

COOKING SHOWS

Hi, there gang! Ready for today's Special Dish? Okay—here we go—

First we take two pounds of flour. Then we add hot tomatoes, chopped meatballs, pistachio ice cream, chocolate syrup and marshmallows.



Next, we top it off with whipped cream, a cherry and some anchovies. Then we heat and cool simultaneously and you've got a really scrumptious Chocolate Marshmallow Pizza Sundae!



Well, kids—so much for that great Teenage Breakfast! Tomorrow, I'll show you how to make a fabulous Teenage Lunch!



EVENING SERMONETTES

For my teenage sermon this evening, I refer to the Book of Bank, and that very, very wise and very, very old man, Elvis Presley—who is now well past 30. Elvis begat Rock 'n Roll, and Rock 'n Roll begat The Twist, and The Twist begat The Monkey. And it came to pass that Col. Tom Parker said unto Elvis and the Children of Memphis, "In 1966, we shall do what we did in 1965. For in 1965 we made millions of dollars. So we must heed the word of them great big fat Profits and continue to swing . . ."



SPORTS SHOWS

Welcome once again to "The Wide World of Teenage Sports". This is Jim McKay, speaking to you from The Malibu Drive-In Theatre, where the exciting "Make-Out Derby" is now in progress . . .



balloo" . . . and then there are those that are *subtly* directed at teenagers, like "Prime Evening Time". However, there are still some areas of television that have not as yet been monopolized by the teenagers. But don't worry, gang, this won't last long. Because here's what we'll be seeing . . .

Over TV COMPLETELY

REGULAR NEWS PROGRAMS

In Washington today, the "Medicare For Acne" law was declared to be Unconstitutionalsville by Earl Warren and The Supremes! Chet . . .

In Egypt today, a famous teenage archaeologist announced—quote—"We can learn a lot from The Pharoahs, but we can learn even more from Sam The Sham"—unquote! David . . .

In the "Number-One" spot on today's "Top-Forty-Wars" chart is that great favorite brought to you by Lyndon and The Dreamers! Dig you later, Chet . . .

Cool it, David!



From here, we're going to switch you to the East and Curt Gowdy for "The Boston LP Record-Buying Marathon"—

And then, from there, we're going to Chicago and Bill Flemming for the "Teenage Decathlon Championships", in which versatile teenagers will compete in a series of ten sports including Smoking, Drinking and other Kicks. Recording stars "Sheldon and The Four Acnes" will be on hand to throw out the first Goof-Ball. And from there—



WEATHER SHOWS

Well, it's still raining like crazy here in the Mid-West today . . . the Mississippi River is overflowing its banks . . . and once again, it's Spring Flood-time! So come on down to Missouri, guys and gals . . . **AND BRING YOUR SURFBOARDS!!**



SPECIAL NEWS BULLETINS

We interrupt this program to bring you a **Special Teenage News Bulletin** . . . In Vietnam, today, Jerry and The Pacemakers—who were entertaining troops there—were told to tone down the sound of their music. Seems that nobody could hear the war!



SOAP OPERAS

It's time once again for "Younger Dr. Malone, Teenage Surgeon" . . .



Tell me, Younger Dr. Malone—how is my teenage daughter?



She's going to be all right, Mrs. Keebler. I just removed a growth from her ear!

Was it a benign tumor?

No, it was a transistor radio!



EXERCISE SHOWS

All right, kids—today, we're going to do a typical Teenage Hand and Wrist Exercise—**HAIR COMBING!**

We take the comb like this . . . and then we **COMB-AND-TEASE** . . . **COMB-AND-TEASE** . . . Got that? Good! Now, We'll do it to Music! Ready . . . ? Go . . .

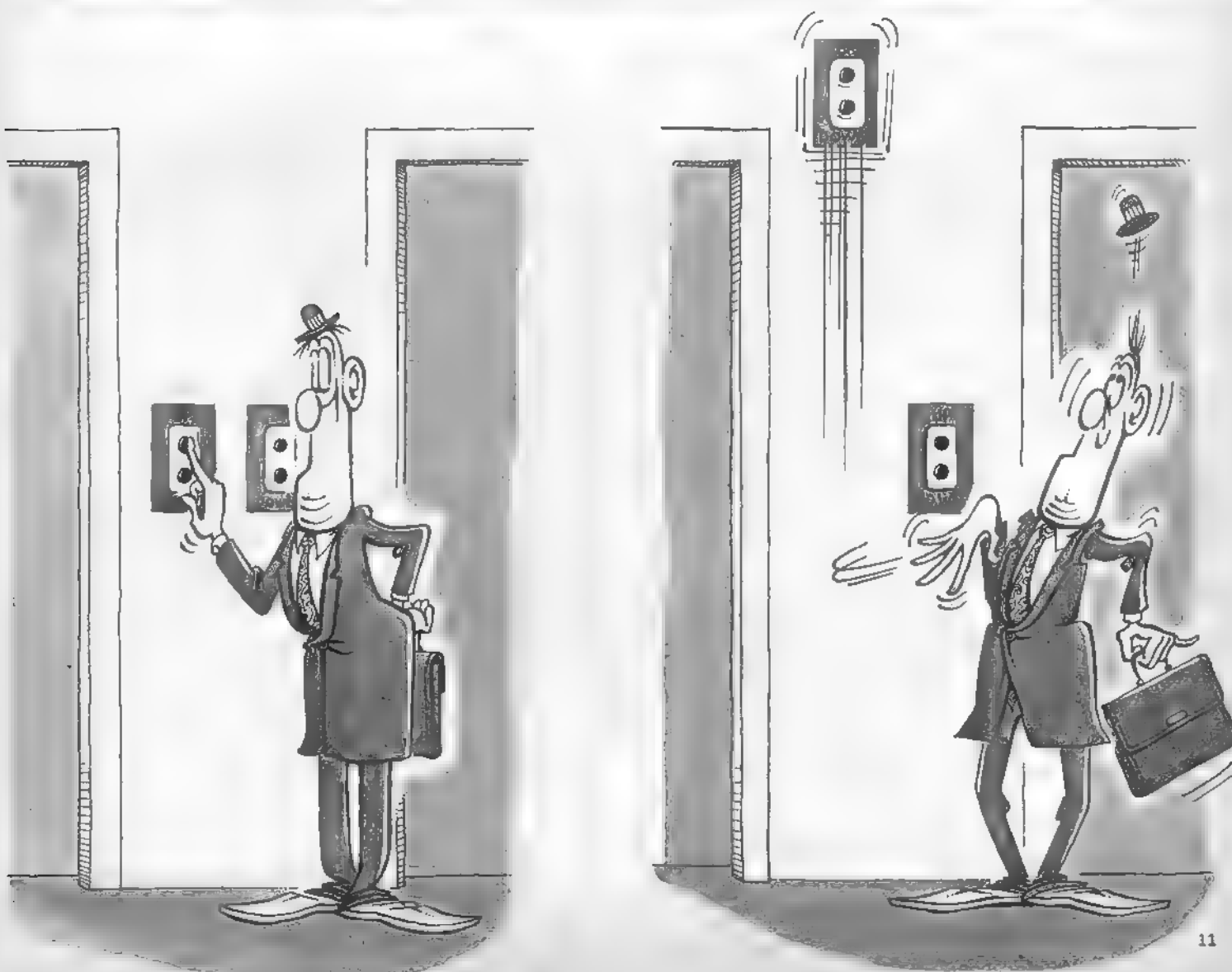
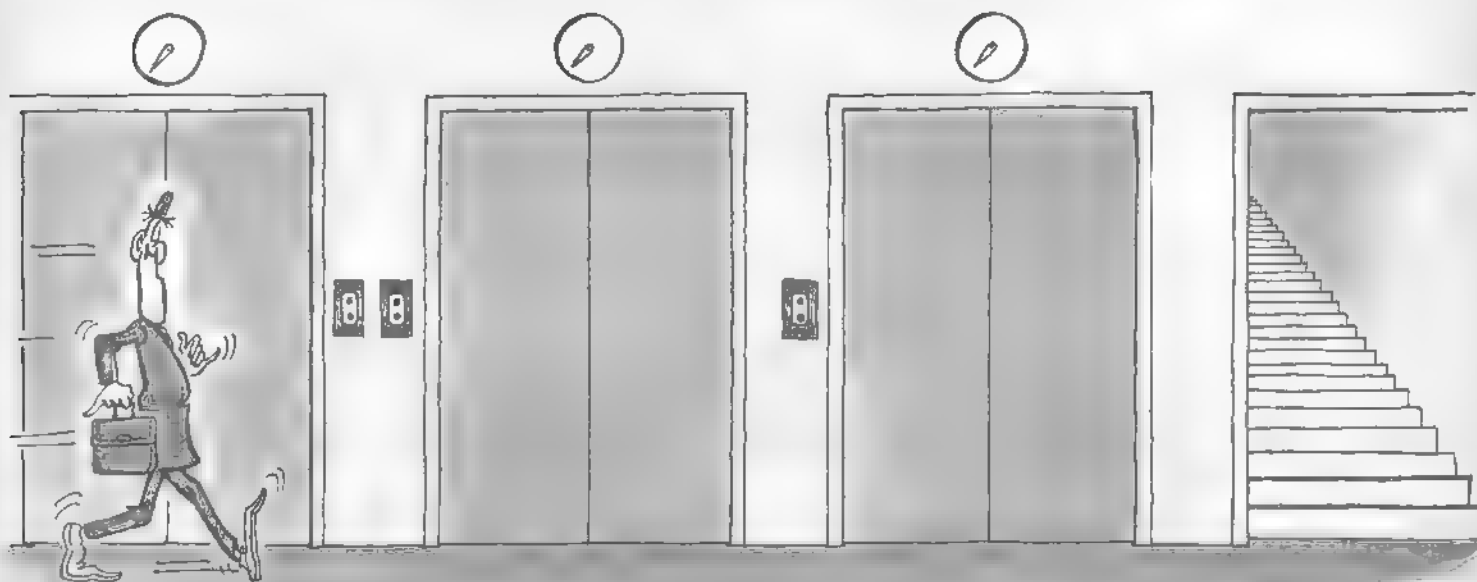


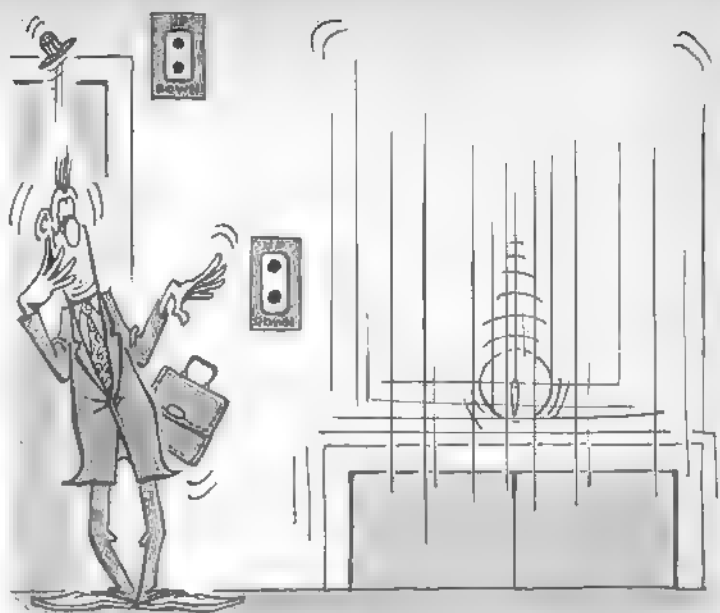
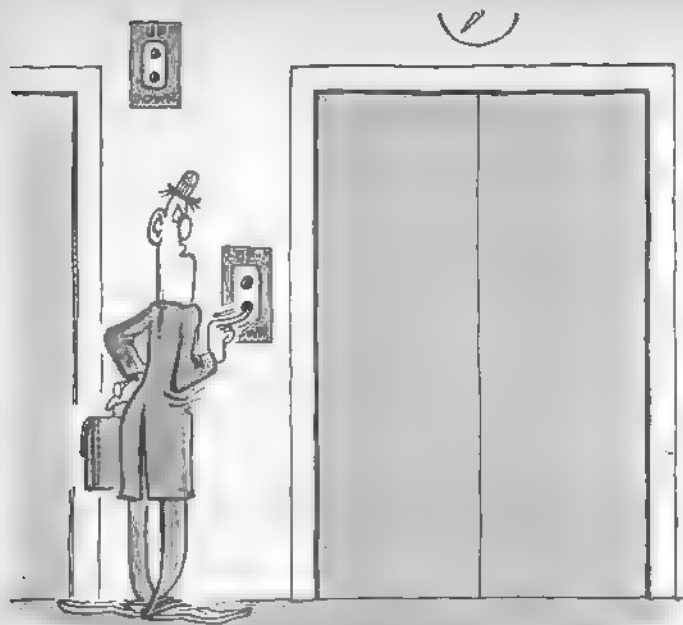
One—two—**COMB-AND-TEASE!**
Three—four—**COMB-AND-TEASE!**
Five—and—six—keep it up!
Seven—eight—Very good!

Now, tomorrow, we'll do a Hand and Wrist Hair-Combing Exercise for **GIRLS!**



AT THE ELEVATORS





Okay, TV fans, sit back and get ready for MAD's version of that weekly underwater adventure series, complete with sea thrills, sea sights, sea monsters, and plenty of "C" dialogue.

VOYAGE TO SEE WHAT'S ON THE BOTTOM

THIS WEEK'S EPISODE: "THE ATTACK OF THE 1000 FOOT GLOP"

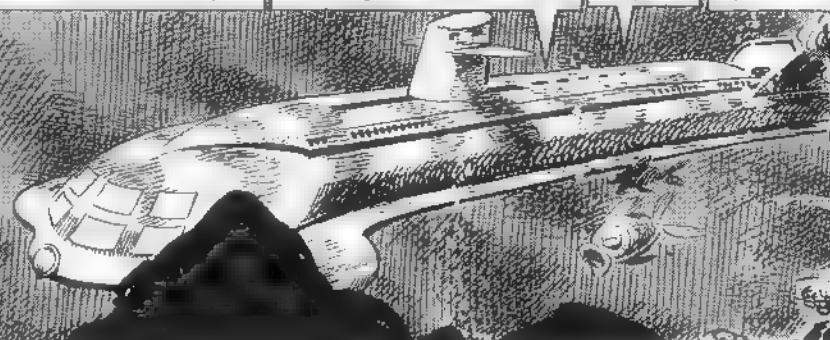
Attention! Attention!
This is Admiral Neilsen
speaking! Enemy ships
approaching, ten points
off the starboard beam
... whatever that means!

Man your battle stations!
Man your battle stations!
Blow all main ballast tanks
and take her down ... or
is it blow all main ballast
tanks and take her up?

Rig for silent running!
Rig for depth charges!
Rig for noisy running!
Rig for over-charges!
Prepare to fire torpedoes!
Stand by for further orders!

Admiral
Neilsen,
may I
speak
to you!

Leak, how many times
have I told you never
to bother me when I'm
in the middle of an
enemy attack! Now you
spoiled the whole thing!



MORT
DRUCKER

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

But you told me
to notify you
as soon as the
diver came back
with the samples
of the ocean
floor—and he's
waiting for
you on Lower
Deck B.

Very well. But you stay
here and mind the boats
in the exact positions
they're in now. The pink
one is mine, and the one
that doesn't float too
well is the enemy. And
to add interest, I'm
making believe that all
those suds are a big
tidal wave.

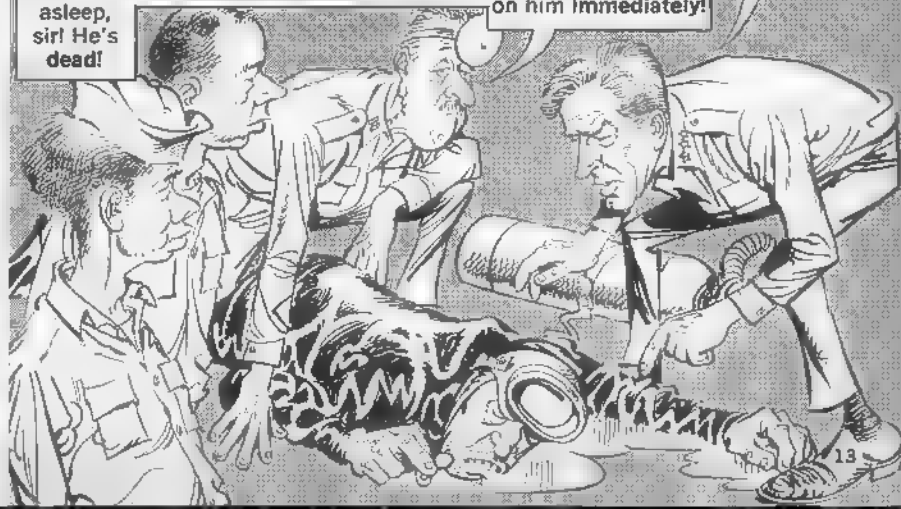
What's
this?
Bernard
has fallen
asleep
while
on duty?

That's even more insubordinate
than sleeping! Send him down-
stairs to his bed without his
dinner! Er—I mean send him
below to his bunk without his
chow! (I must try to remember
to use all those funny
nautical terms!)

He's not
asleep,
sir! He's
dead!

But sir! You
don't understand!
He's dead! He
suddenly gasped
for air and died!
We should have an
autopsy performed
on him immediately!

Very well!
And when
that's over,
let's try
to find the
cause of
his death!



Admiral, sit down! This is the most unusual case I've ever worked on! Bernard was going to have a baby!

A baby!? That's ridiculous! We have been at sea for eleven months! There's got to be some mistake!

Here is his X-ray! See for yourself! Mrs. Rose—Oops! Sorry, Admiral! You must forgive me. A doctor friend of mine sent me some sexy X-rays to hang in my locker, and I must have gotten them mixed up.

This is still a strange case, sir! Look—his skin has turned a rubbery black!

That's just his diving suit!

Keen observation, sir. No wonder you're an Admiral! However, a Lab Test did detect some poison in his bloodstream!

Well, that's only natural! He's been eating in the Sea Pew's Mess!

No, I've never come across this type of poison before! He couldn't have gotten it from anything on this sub!

Which means that while Bernard was outside the sub, diving—

... some mysterious thing, or creature poisoned him!

... and that leaves only one course of action!

Hunt down the awful villain?

No, pull down the window shades! I don't want to see any mysterious things or creatures! Why do you think I have an inside cabin?

Admiral, we're going to have to pinpoint the exact spot where Bernard met with disaster!

And that's not going to be easy, Leak! That's going to take some hard thinking. But ... the machine can help. —Scrambler section, ON! —Feed-back Modulator, GREEN! —All Circuitry Systems, GO! —SRM Control, FULL! —Service Window, UP!

And there, Leak, we have two cups of coffee so we can think better!

Sir, how about the Fail Safe Memory Tape Device? That's kept track of every command you've given since the Sea Pew was put into commission. It must have a record of the course you set when Bernard left the escape hatch!

Good idea, Leak! This Fail Safe Memory Tape Device is the most complex system ever installed on any U.S. Navy vessel! I'll turn it on ...

Happy Birthday to you ...
Happy Birthday to you ...
Happy Birthday dear ...

Shut that thing off!

Now hear this! This is the Admiral! If I told you once, I told you a thousand times, no one is to play with the Fail-Safe Memory Device! Didn't we get into enough trouble last month when the President asked to hear a recording of a nuclear sub in action, and we sent him a four-hour version of "SWEET VIOLETS"?

Admiral, if we are going to find something out there, I suggest we go out and look for ourselves!

Why look for ourselves? We're not lost! We're right here! There's you—and here's me!

The enemy, Admiral! Let's look for the enemy! You're not "chicken", are you?

Don't be ridiculous! Let's put on our feathers—I mean our SCUBA gear—and go!

Lieutenant, if we're not back here by Ten Hundred precisely, send out a team to look for us. Now, let's synchronize our watches. I have 0900 . . .

I have 0630!

I have 0725!

Close enough! Let's go!



Look! A giant Jellyfish!! And it's devouring the Sea Pew . . .

We've got to do something—before it's too late!

It's already too late! What can we do to save the men now?

Who's talking about the men? I'm talking about us! Let's get out of here . . .

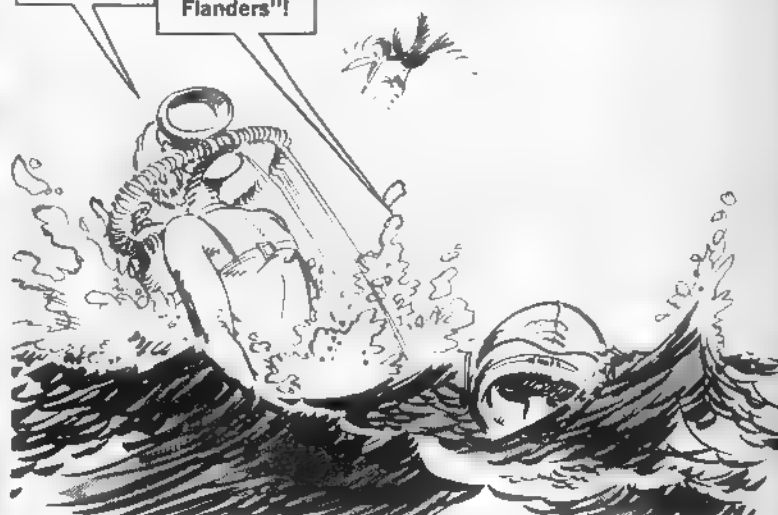


I've never seen anything so horrible in my life!

Evidently you missed Kim Novak in "Moll Flanders"!

The entire Sea Pew, trapped by a giant Jellyfish—and we're 500 miles from land!

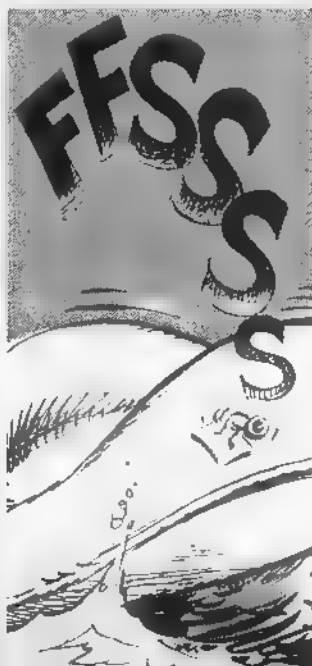
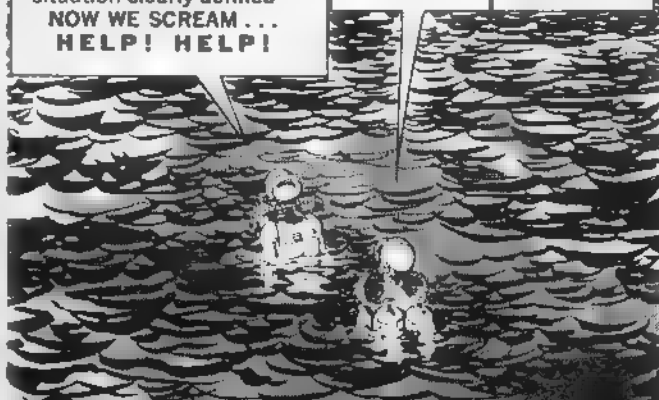
I'm afraid I'm going to scream—HELP! HELP!



Pull yourself together, Leak. First we must assess the situation. We're 500 miles from land. We have no food, no water, no means of communication. We're in shark-infested waters. And hardly any ship passes this area. So—with the situation clearly defined—NOW WE SCREAM . . . HELP! HELP!

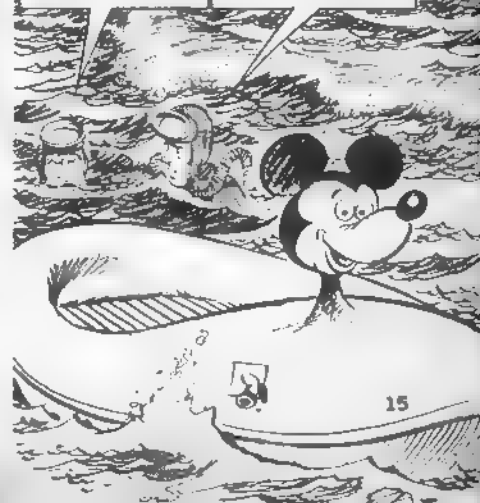
I do have an emergency life raft in my pack, Sir—but I feel ashamed to use it!

Don't be ridiculous, Leak! You're no less a man if you use your emergency equipment! Inflate it!



I changed my mind! Get rid of that idiotic thing, Leak! I'd rather drown!

Listen, for a guy who plays with boats in a bathtub, you're pretty intolerant!



How long can a man go without food or water, Sir?

Well, there's a case on record of picking up a man who had gone 14 days without food or water!

That's amazing!

Unfortunately, he'd been dead since the fifth day!

Sir, would it help any if we had a sail?

I doubt it! What could we sell? And who would come all the way out here to shop, anyway?

Not an S-A-L-E, Admiral! I mean an S-I-A-L!

Oh, I got you! Good idea!

On second thought, it won't be...

Now you just sit there and watch your Admiral's ingenuity at work. First I rip the shirt off my back for the sail itself... then I pull some hairs from my chest and knot them together for thread... Oooh! Owwww! Ouch...!!

That's very clever, Sir, but—

Now I break the end of this paddle to make a mast—

Sir, if you'll just—

Now, I unwind some of the wire that holds my upper plate in position—and use it to attach the sail to the mast! I may slobber a bit, Leak—but have you ever seen anything that gave you more confidence?

Yes, Sir! That rescue ship behind you!

I tell you, Captain, that our sub was swallowed up whole by a 1000 foot Jellyfish—a monstrous purple thing!

Purple, eh? Hmmmmmm! Evidently a GRAPE Jellyfish!

We've got to catch it so we can get the Sea Pew back!

But how in the world does one go about catching a 1000 foot Jellyfish?

What about using a 100 foot worm?

Sir, this radiogram just came in from SubCom-H.Q.!

What does that mean?

Submarine Command Headquarters Admiral!

Admiral Knucklehead—er—Neilsen and Commander Leak have been ordered home to pick up their new sub, "Son of Sea Pew". Their mission: to destroy the Jellyfish and get their old sub back.

Well, Leak! Here we are on the "Son of Sea Pew"—and if my calculations are correct, we're back in the area where we lost our old sub...

Well, your calculations are a bit off, Sir, because we're still in drydock!

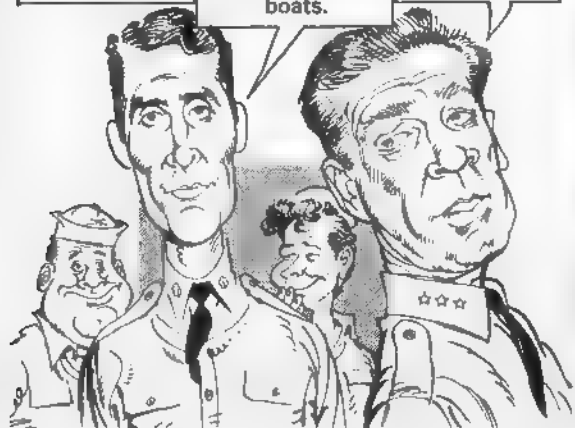
Still in drydock? Then how come I see water out of that porthole?

Because you're looking at the Crew's front-loading washing-machine!

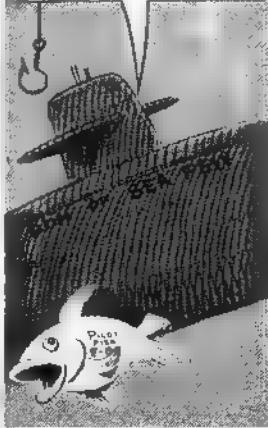
Oh! Well, you take command and call me when we get there! I'm going to my cabin!

I understand, sir. I'll try not to disturb you until it's necessary. I know you'll want to play with your boats.

You're wrong, Leak—I've outgrown playing with toy boats! It was just a phase!



Yes, my boy, you were wise in coming to me for advice. I can fully understand your feelings toward the young lady, and I'll help in any way—



Sir! We're in the area of the lost sub, and—Oh, I'm sorry! I'm interrupting something...



No, Leak! It can wait. As master of this sub, I was about to marry my Ken and Barbie dolls—but business before pleasure. Let's go to the back of the boat where all the knobs and things are—I mean, let's go aft to Master Control...



Turn on the Forward Peek-a-tron!

Turn on the Forward Peek-a-tron!

Turn on the Forward Peek-a-tron!

Boy, the echo in here is incredible! I wish I knew how to yodel!



There it is! And there's only one way to get rid of that Jellyfish! I want full atomic power! Give me the red phone to the atomic reactor room!!

You took the red phone for your cabin, sir! You said it matched the bedspread!



Well, give me the emergency phone... Hello, Atomic Reactor Room? We're going to ram that Jellyfish! I want full power!



FULL POWER!? But that's dangerous, Admiral!

I don't care how dangerous it is! Those are your orders!

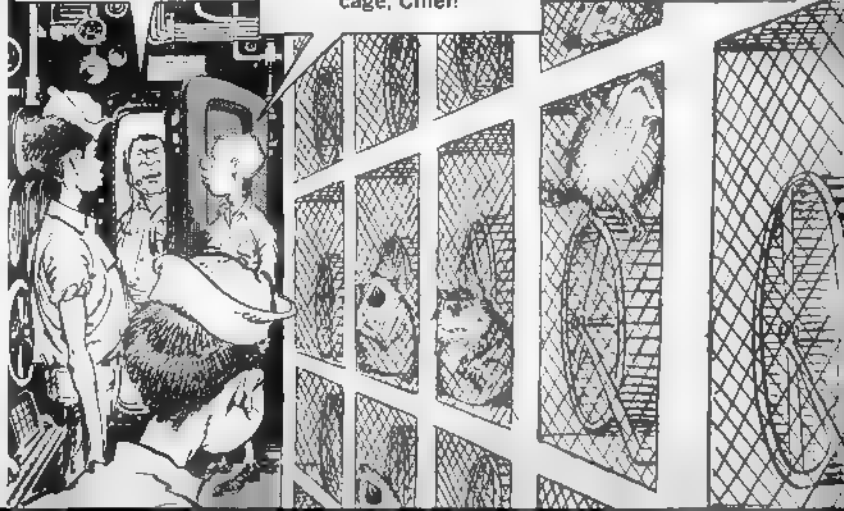
Yes, Sir! I only hope the machinery can stand it!



Hey, you guys! I want TWO HAMSTERS in every treadmill cage! We need all the power we can get!

You know what happened the last time we put two hamsters in every cage, Chief!

Yes, we ended up with hundreds of hamsters! But this time, put males with males and females with females!



Collision Stations!
Collision Stations!
I'm aiming right for
the center of its
Nervous System!
Come to
course 279!

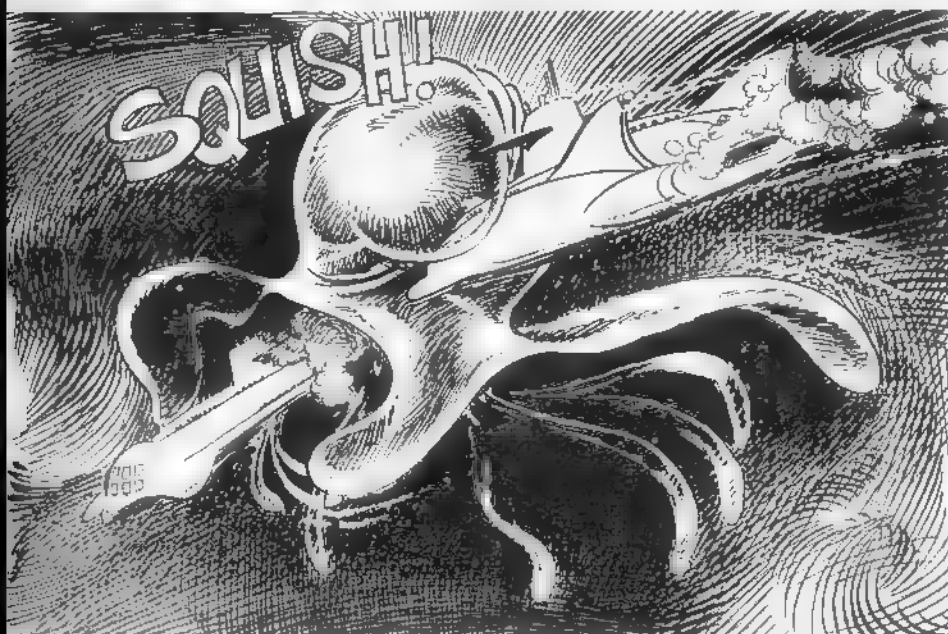
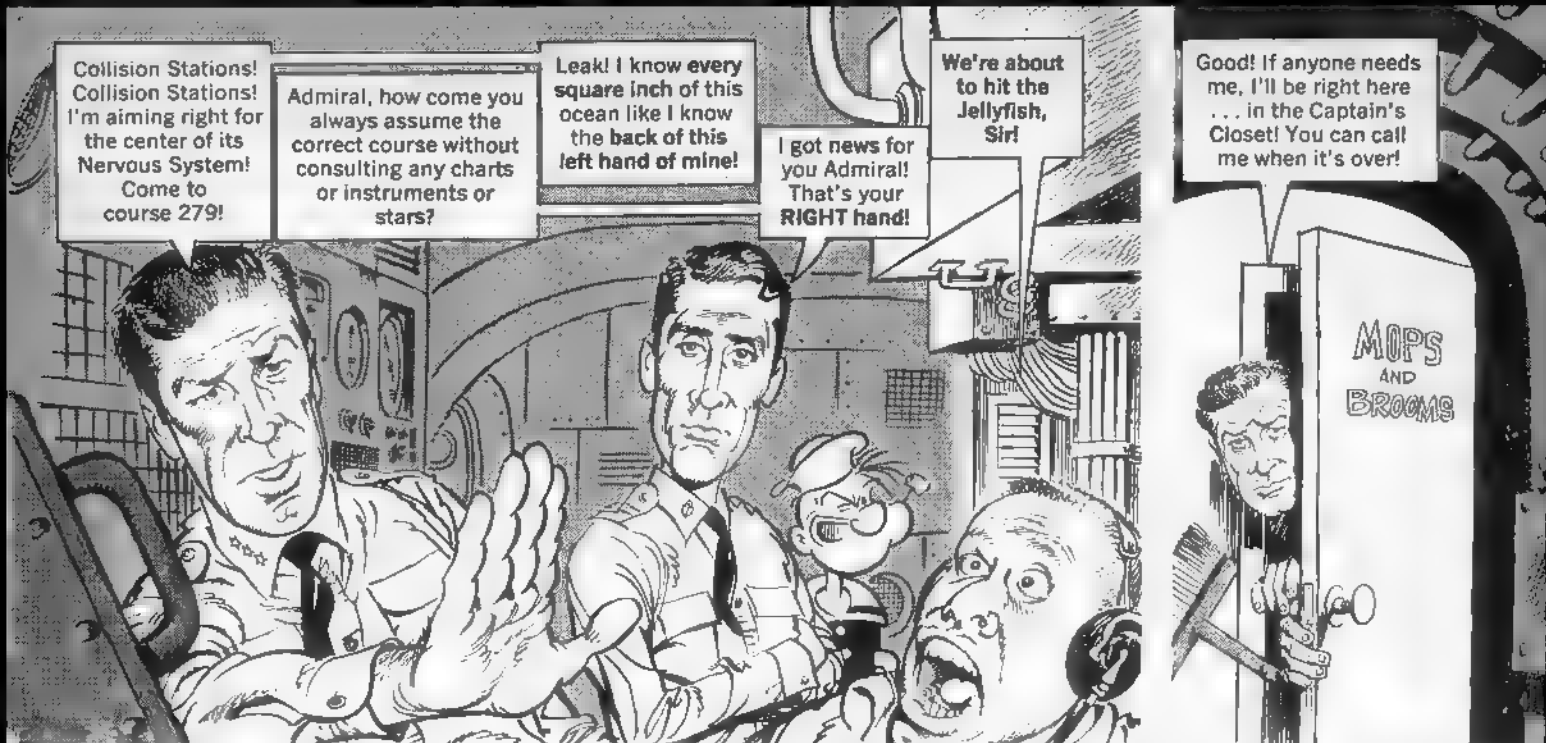
Admiral, how come you
always assume the
correct course without
consulting any charts
or instruments or
stars?

Leak! I know every
square inch of this
ocean like I know
the back of this
left hand of mine!

I got news for
you Admiral!
That's your
RIGHT hand!

We're about
to hit the
Jellyfish,
Sir!

Good! If anyone needs
me, I'll be right here
... in the Captain's
Closet! You can call
me when it's over!



You can come out
now, Admiral! We
made a direct hit,
and the old "Sea
Pew" has been freed!
Just look at that
mutilated Jellyfish!

Yecchh!
I'll never
eat another
bowl of
"Jello"
as long
as I live!



Well, Leak—how does
it feel to be back
aboard the Sea Pew?

Just fine, sir!
We'd better
head for home,
now! Shall I
take her down?

No, Leak! It feels so
good to be back. I'll
take her down myself!

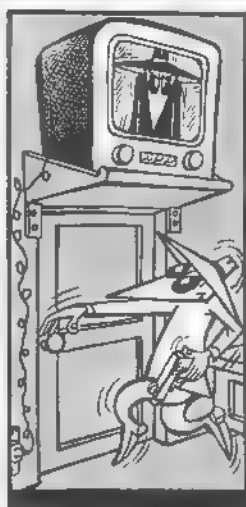
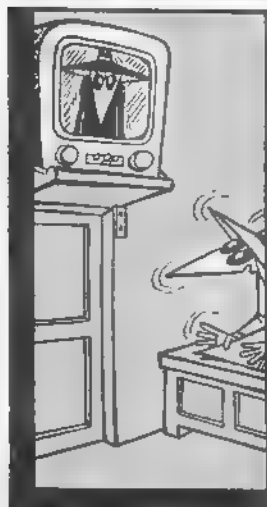
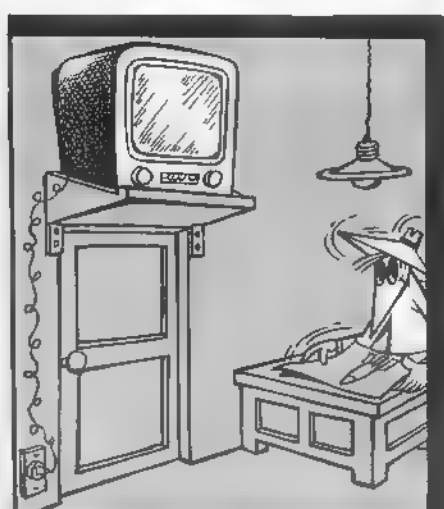


Diving stations, everyone! Prepare
to submerge. All ahead, one-third!
Flood bow tanks. Flood stern tanks.
Flood main tanks. Diving planes, down!
Stabilizer planes, level. Come to
course 095. Level off at 150 feet!

Well,
Leak!
How
was
that?!

Excellent,
sir! But it
would've been
nice if you'd
added "Secure
All Hatches"!





HELLO

VERSE OF THE PEOPLE DEPT.

Once again, MAD opens its pages to struggling young poets whose work shows merit, but who might forever remain in obscurity were it not for dedicated publications like this one that'll print any kind of trash, regardless of the consequences. Thus, without copping any further pleas, we present the latest edition of...

THE MAD TREASURY OF UNKNOWN POETRY

Volume IV

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: TOM KOCH

The Rush Hour Drive Of Enoch Pry

by Henry Woodwork Stoutfellow

Listen, my children, while I decry
The rush-hour drive of Enoch Pry.
On the eighteenth of April at half-past-five;
Hardly a man remains alive
Who picks such a time to reach Tenafly.

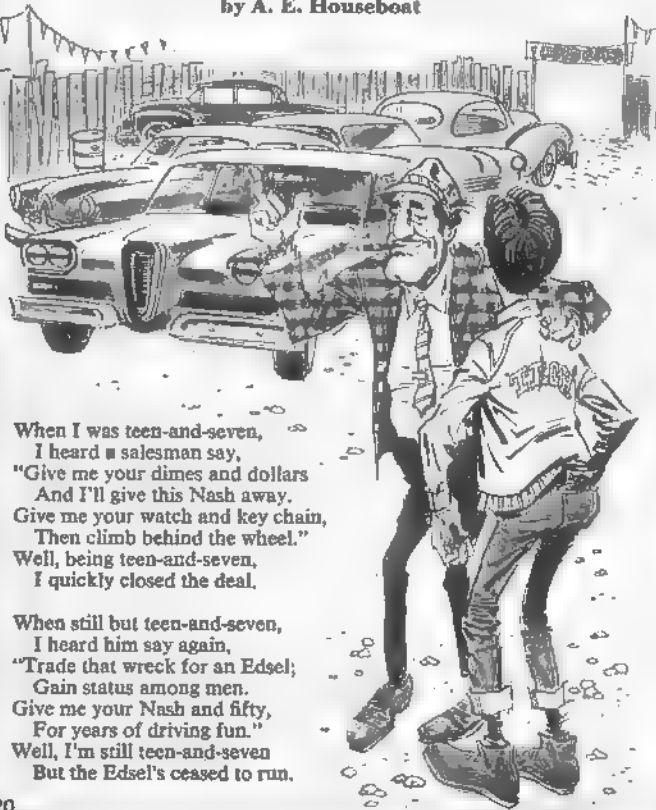
He called up his wife from the heart of town
And said, "I'm bucking the rush hour jam.
I just hope dinner's not all burned down
While I on the opposite shore still am."
Then he said, "Good night!" and he flipped a dime.
Trusting to fate at this rush hour time.
Heads, he'd choose tunnel; tails, he'd choose bridge.
Not that it mattered; both led to Glen Ridge.

The rest of the story makes bravest men bawl.
A wrong turn in Englewood started it all.
Then bumper to bumper as night followed day,
Onward drove Enoch, though bound the wrong way.
Through Newark, through Bayonne, with growing alarm;
No off-ramps at Middlesex, village or farm.
Near Trenton at midnight, he gave his last cry.
No one heard the message; monoxide got Pry.



When I Was Teen-And-Seven

by A. E. Houseboat

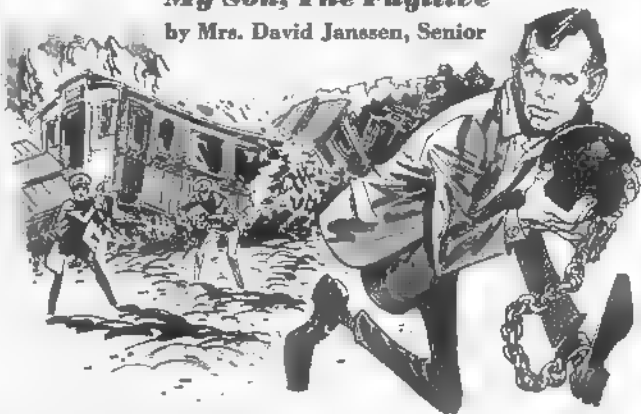


When I was teen-and-seven,
I heard a salesman say,
"Give me your dimes and dollars
And I'll give this Nash away.
Give me your watch and key chain,
Then climb behind the wheel."
Well, being teen-and-seven,
I quickly closed the deal.

When still but teen-and-seven,
I heard him say again,
"Trade that wreck for an Edsel;
Gain status among men.
Give me your Nash and fifty,
For years of driving fun."
Well, I'm still teen-and-seven
But the Edsel's ceased to run.

My Son, The Fugitive

by Mrs. David Janssen, Senior



"O where ha'e ye been, Dave Janssen, my son?
O where ha'e ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I've been out on location; I star on TV;
But I'm weary wi' running, and fain wald lie down."

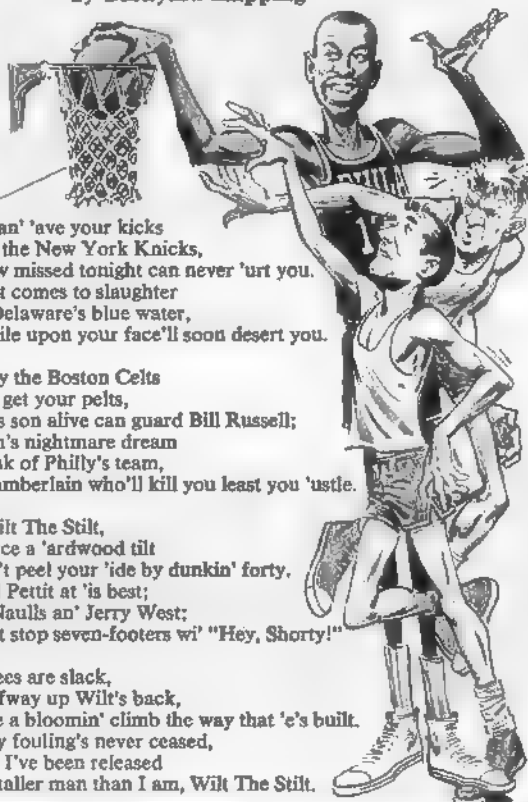
"In the script you're a runner, Dave Janssen, my son?
'Tis the tale of a track meet, my handsome young man?"
"No, Ma. I'm no track star. I'm just on the lam,
But I'm weary wi' running, and fain wald lie down."

"You're fleeing from justice, Dave Janssen, my son?
'Tis the fuzz that pursues thee, my handsome young man?"
"It's just part of the story; a bum rap besides,
But I'm weary wi' running, and fain wald lie down."

"All crooks plead not guilty, Dave Janssen, my son.
So I'm phoning the sheriff, my handsome young man."
"Drop that phone or I'll plug you; you'll wreck my career.
You'll just never dig Show Biz, so go and lie down."

Wilt The Stilt

by Barnyard Klipping



You can laugh an' 'ave your kicks
When you play the New York Knicks,
For a free throw missed tonight can never 'urt you.
But when it comes to slaughter
Near the Delaware's blue water,
Then that smile upon your face'll soon desert you.

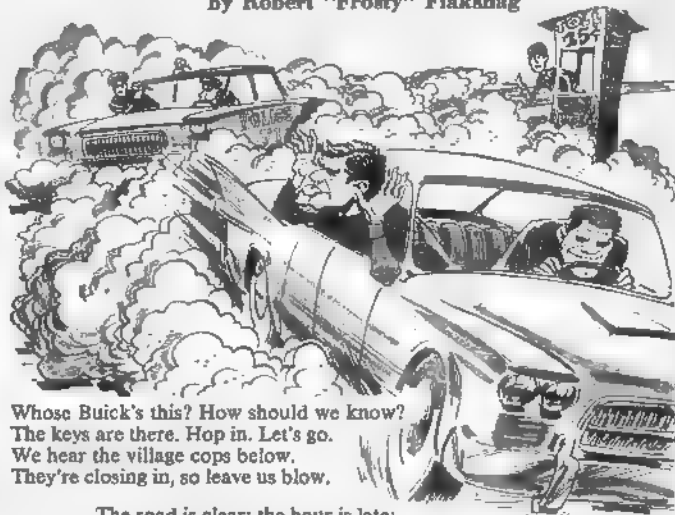
Though they say the Boston Celts
Are the ones 'll get your pelts,
An' no mother's son alive can guard Bill Russell;
It's a coach's nightmare dream
Just to think of Philly's team,
An' Wilt Chamberlain who'll kill you least you 'ustle.

'E's a terror, Wilt The Stilt,
For there's scarce a 'ardwood tilt
Where 'e doesn't peel your 'ide by dunkin' forty.
I've 'acked Pettit at 'is best;
Elbowed Naulls an' Jerry West;
But you don't stop seven-footers wi' "Hey, Shorty!"

When the referees are slack,
I've climbed 'alfway up Wilt's back,
And that's quite a bloomin' climb the way that 'e's built.
Though my fouling's never ceased,
I just 'eard I've been released
'Cause 'e's a taller man than I am, Wilt The Stilt.

Frosty Reflections On A Winter's Evening

by Robert "Frosty" Flakanag



Whose Buick's this? How should we know?
The keys are there. Hop in. Let's go.
We hear the village cops below.
They're closing in, so leave us blow.

The road is clear; the hour is late;
So speed right past that turnpike gate.
They may jot down the license plate,
But what care we? It's not our crate.

This heap's got pickup. Man alive!
It cruises at ninety-five.
Got tinted glass and power drive;
Electric ash trays, all that jive.

The seats are comfy, soft and deep,
But we've a zig-zag course to keep.
To shake the cops before we sleep.
To shake the cops before we sleep.

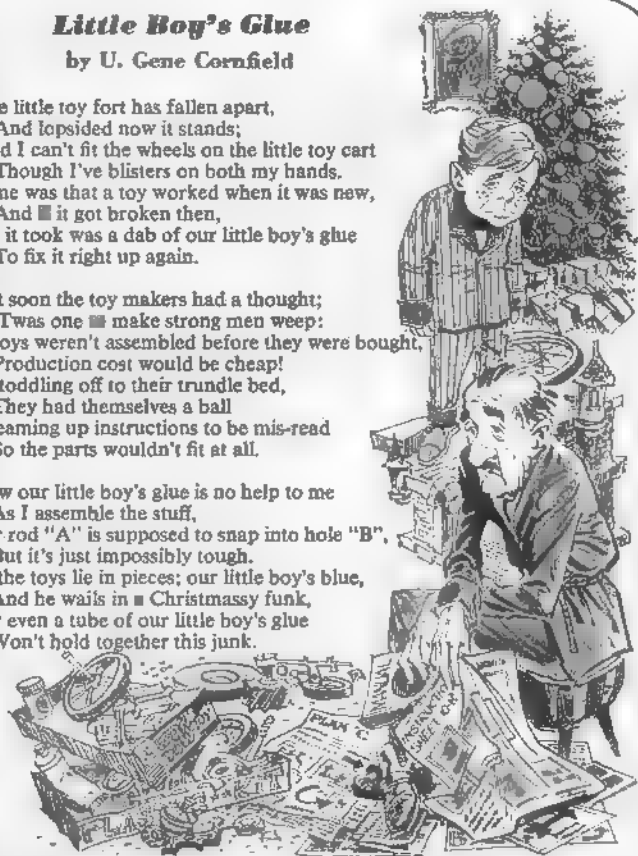
Little Boy's Glue

by U. Gene Cornfield

The little toy fort has fallen apart,
And lopsided now it stands;
And I can't fit the wheels on the little toy cart
Though I've blisters on both my hands.
Time was that a toy worked when it was new,
And ■ it got broken then,
All it took was a dab of our little boy's glue
To fix it right up again.

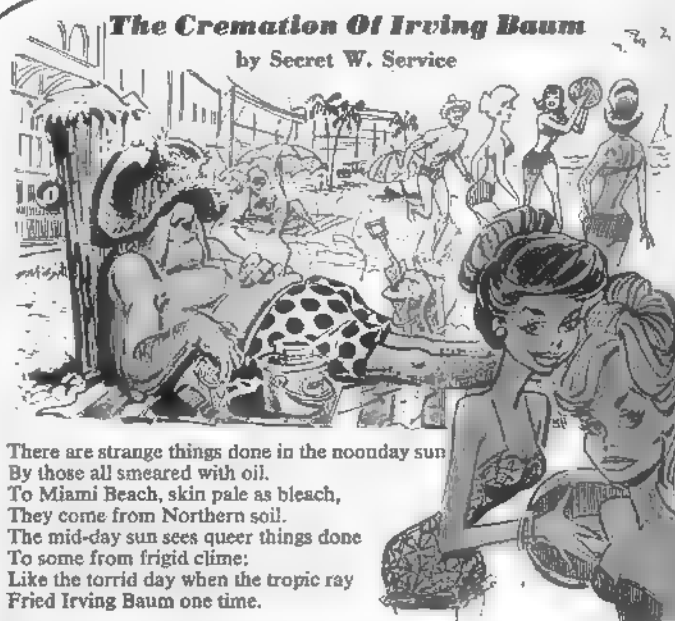
But soon the toy makers had a thought;
'Twas one ■ make strong men weep:
If toys weren't assembled before they were bought,
Production cost would be cheap!
So toddling off to their trundle bed,
They had themselves a ball
Dreaming up instructions to be mis-read
So the parts wouldn't fit at all.

Now our little boy's glue is no help to me
As I assemble the stuff,
For rod "A" is supposed to snap into hole "B",
But it's just impossibly tough.
So the toys lie in pieces; our little boy's blue,
And he wails in ■ Christmasy funk,
For even a tube of our little boy's glue
Won't hold together this junk.



The Cremation Of Irving Baum

by Secret W. Service



There are strange things done in the noonday sun
By those all smeared with oil.
To Miami Beach, skin pale as bleach,
They come from Northern soil.
The mid-day sun sees queer things done
To some from frigid clime:
Like the torrid day when the tropic ray
Fried Irving Baum one time.

Now Irving Baum was from Levittown, where the weather's nice and cool;
But within his reach lay Miami Beach, and Irving was a fool.
So he packed his trunk and some other junk, including one fat wife;
And he Southward flew for what friends knew was the blistering of his life.
As the hot sun shone, he used Coppertone to produce a golden hue.
Then he plunked his hide by the oceanside; 'twas the worst thing he
could do.
For he didn't think that he'd just turn pink, and then red, but never
brown;
Lying in repose, deadly blisters rose, and cremated Irving Baum.

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE

LIGHTER

SIDE OF

Hey, wait! Stop here for a minute! I just remembered I need a container of milk!

Oh, yes. As long as I'm here, I need some butter ... and I might as well get some bread ... also detergent ... and corn flakes ...

... and potatoes ... and coffee ... and cake ...

OH MY ACHIN' BACK! HOW MANY CONTAINERS OF MILK CAN YOU USE?

MILK?! THAT'S THE ONE THING I FORGOT!



I HATE 'EM!

Never mind! The styling is beautiful, and they fit you perfectly! I'm buying them!

Go ahead, buy'em! Throw your money away! I WON'T WEAR 'EM!

Why not? What's wrong with them?

NUTHIN'! I WANT SHOES FROM ACROSS THE STREET!

What's so special about the store across the street?

They give balloons!



It's my wife's birthday, and I'd like to get her a nice—er—negligee.

Yes, sir! Do you know her size?

No ... but she's built like her!

I beg your pardon, Mr. King, but I know your wife, and she's built more like that lady!

Yeah, I guess so ... but I can dream, can't I?



SHOPPING



ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

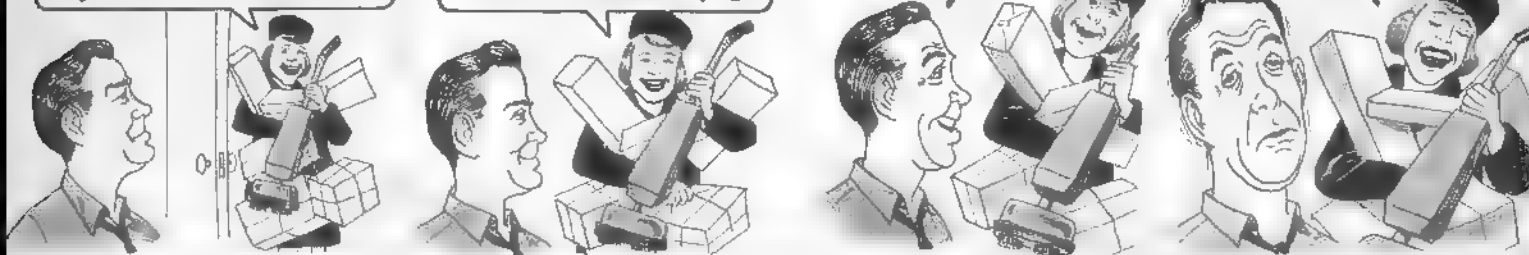


Boy, I sure am a smart shopper! The Department Store advertised a floor waxer, and I spotted it as a "loss leader"—you know, an item they sell at a loss just to get the suckers into the store so they can rook 'em on other items.

Well, I was at the store this morning before it even opened. And when it did, I fought my way to the counter and bought the floor waxer for—get this—\$13.95, saving at least \$4.00. How's that for smart buying?

That's great, honey! I'm proud of you. You're an economical wife. But—er—what's in the other packages.

Well, after getting ■ bargain like that, I just couldn't walk out without buying a few other things, could I?



HEY! THAT'S NOT FAIR!

You bought Sis somethin', an' you di'n't buy me nuthin'!

But you don't need anything!

WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT? I WANT SOMETHIN', TOO!

All right! All right! I'll buy you something and even the score!

HEY! THAT'S NOT FAIR!

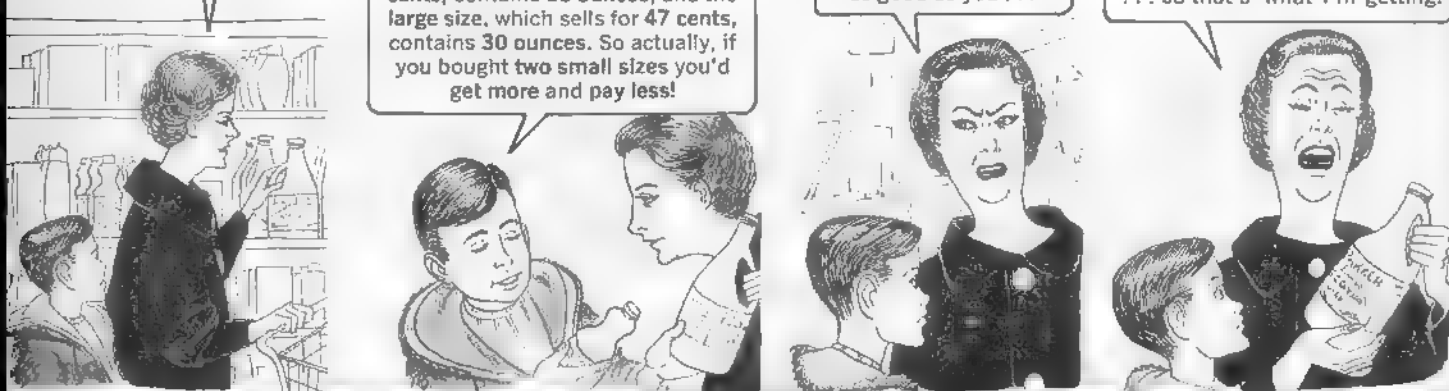


... and I need one of these ...

Hey, Mom! According to these labels, the small size, which sells for 23 cents, contains 16 ounces, and the large size, which sells for 47 cents, contains 30 ounces. So actually, if you bought two small sizes you'd get more and pay less!

Stop trying to show off! I can read labels just as good as you ...

... and it says right here: "LARGE ECONOMY SIZE" ... so that's what I'm getting!



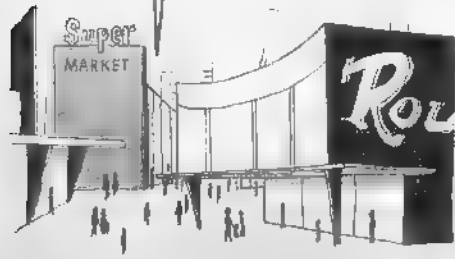
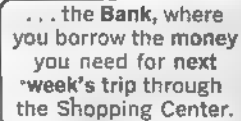
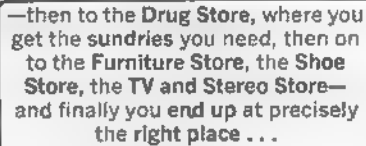
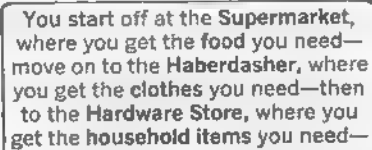
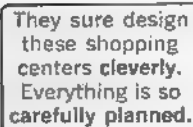
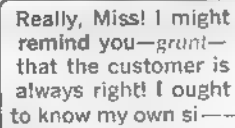
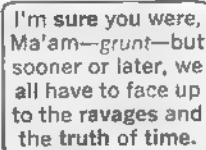
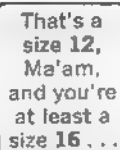
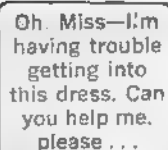
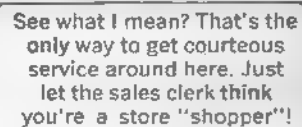
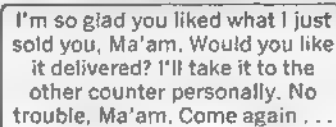
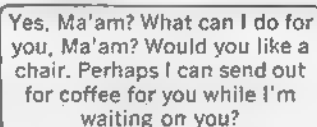
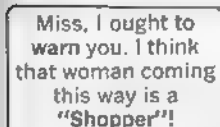
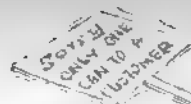
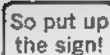
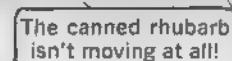
HA-HA! Look at this. I bought a lot of items at the store today ... and they forgot to charge me \$7.95 for the slacks.

Well, they can ■ whistle for their money! Tough luck on them! They should be more careful!

HOLD IT! What's this? They charged me for SIX shirts ... and I only bought FIVE!!

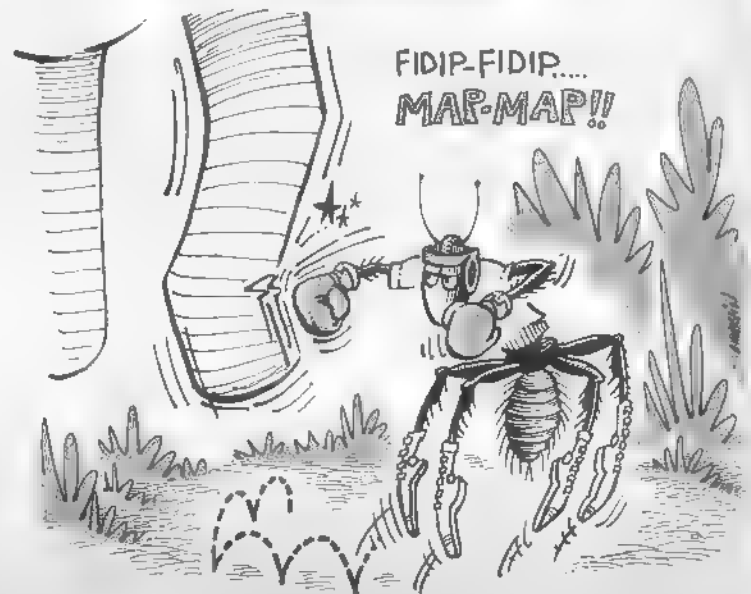
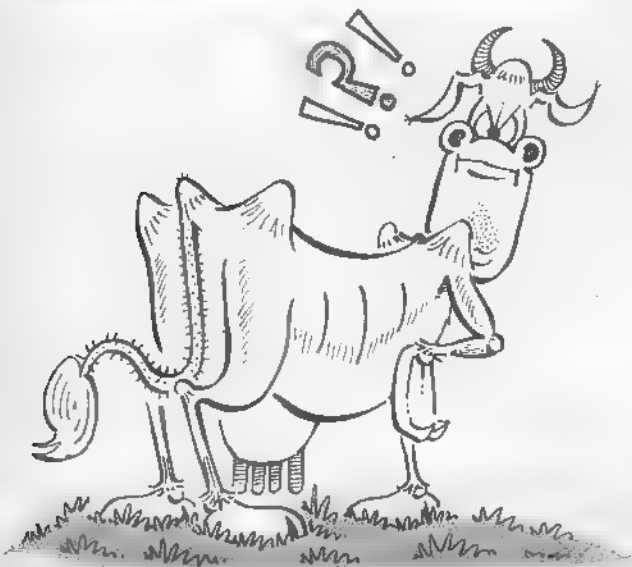
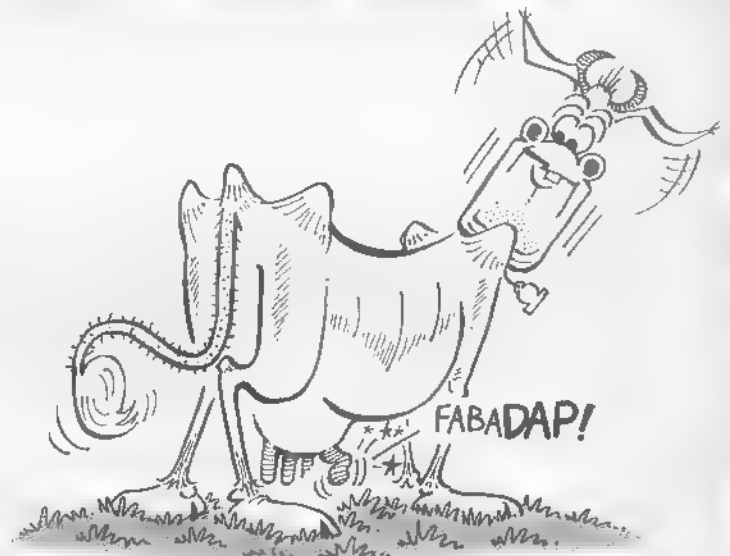
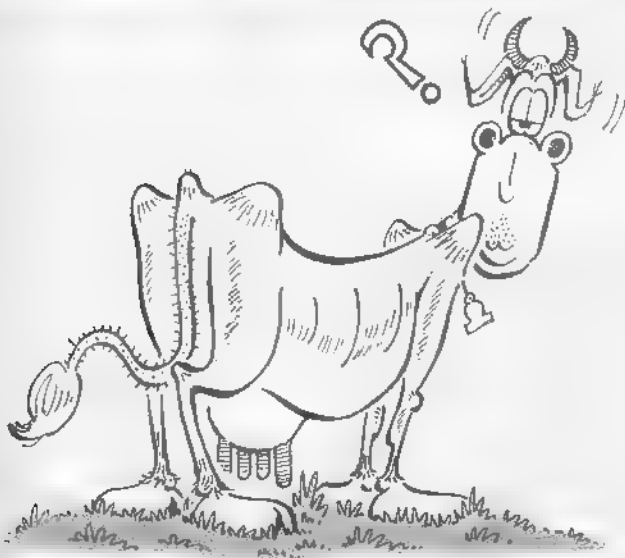
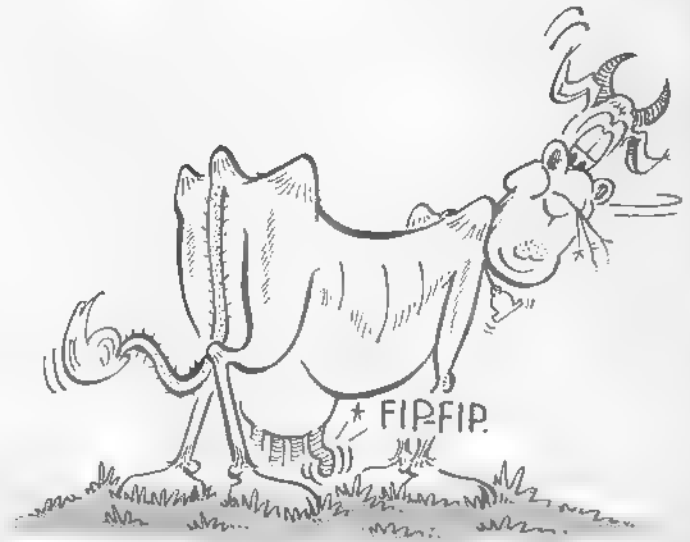
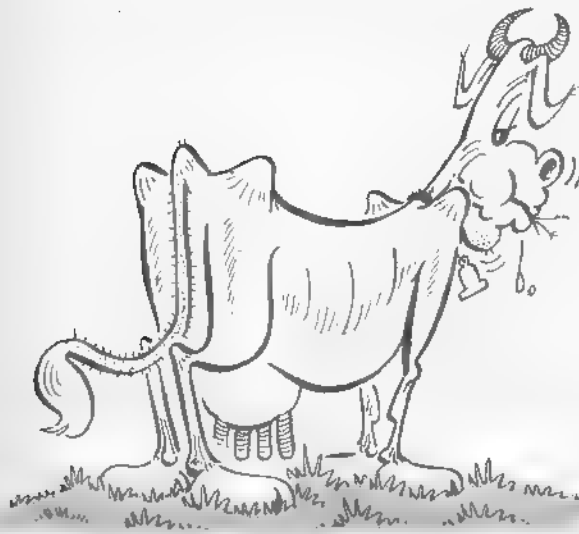
Why, the dirty, rotten crooks! Nobody takes advantage of me! I'm going over there and scream the place down!







One Day In The Pasture



LAW ENFORCEMENT DEPT.

Some time ago (MAD #73), we presented our version of a publication dealing with Organized Crime called "Racketeer Illustrated." Ever since then, we've been under strong pressure to grant equal time to Law Enforcement. Actually, all this pressure has been coming from Organized Crime! Well, by George, we know what's good for us, so here we go with MAD's version of:

BADGE & BILLY

The Magazine For Law Enforcement Officers

DECEMBER 1965

On Sale Now For The Same
Price You Pay For Fruit
And Bus Rides . . . Mainly

FREE



**WE USE POLICE DOGS
TO GUARD OUR STORE,
BUT UNFORTUNATELY
THEY STEAL!**

by R. H. Macy

**I DON'T KNOW WHY
YOU CALL ME A
TRIGGER-HAPPY COP!**

by Ptl. Hank Godoy
as told to the late
Ralph Daly

A Message of Hope From
A Shea Stadium Cop:

**I WATCHED THE N.Y.
METS PLAY A DOUBLE-
HEADER—AND DIDN'T
THROW UP ONCE!**

A Fruit Store Owner
Turns The Tables On
Free-Loading Policemen:

**EVERY TIME I PASS
THE 17th PRECINCT,
I SQUEEZE A FEW
COPS AND BITE ONE!**

**I JOINED THE
POLICE FORCE AND
GOT CLOSER TO
GOD!**

by Ptl. Jerome Vickers,
of the Empire State
Building Tower Patrol

A Courageous Merchant
Speaks Out:

**I REFUSED TO BUY
A TICKET TO THE
POLICEMEN'S BALL
... AND LIVED!**



**A TYPICAL NEIGHBORHOOD
DEMONSTRATION AGAINST
POLICE BRUTALITY**

**Special
In This
Issue:**

THE BADGE & BILLY FORUM

A Discussion of the Growing Public Apathy towards Crime by
10 Prominent Citizens; None of Whom Bothered To Show Up

BORED WITH YOUR PRESENT ASSIGNMENT?

Become A

TUNNEL COP

And Step Up To Excitement!



Don't take our word for it. Ask men from other walks of life who have become Tunnel Cops and who agree that it is the most exciting thing that has ever happened to them.*

(*Men like former Forest Rangers, former Lighthouse Keepers and former Desert Island Castaways)

But don't approach this wonderful career unprepared. Study now at our school. You'll learn such important arts as:

TRAFFIC WAVING

We have special classes for southpaws.

RAMP WALKING

Ask about our advanced courses in "backward walking" for show-offs.

TILE COUNTING

Learn the fascinating art of counting tunnel tiles to pass away those interminable hours. Find out how you can practice counting tiles at home in your very own kitchen or bathroom.

SELF-CONVERSATION

Learn how to talk to yourself properly. Find out how to break the ice when you don't feel at ease with your company. Discover how to avoid listening when you find that you are not interested in what you're saying.

WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE TODAY!

The Tunnelhanty Institute

Box 321 Underwatertown, New York

**IT'S OUT NOW!
THE LATEST LP OF THOSE
SWINGIN' COPS**

The Four Fuzz LP WALKIN' THE BIG BEAT



SINGING SUCH GREAT TUNES AS:

"You're Confessin' As I Club You"

"Shamus These Days"

"You're The Cop"

"On The Grill In The Night"

"Flatfoot Floogie"

"Mrs. Brown, You've Gotten In Hot Water"

"Summons Time, And The Livin' Is Easy"

"Police Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone"

AND MANY OTHER FAVORITES

Ask Captain O'Malley

Each month, Captain O'Malley of the 98th Precinct answers questions submitted by Law Enforcement Officers. If you have any questions you'd like answered, send them to Captain O'Malley in care of this magazine. However, please make your questions brief. Remember, for every long letter you write, you could be filling out five or six parking tickets.

Dear Captain O'Malley:

Here in the 98th Precinct, we have orders to issue tickets to all illegally parked cars, regardless of whom they belong to. So far, I have tagged Cadillacs belonging to the Mayor and the Governor, and a Lincoln belonging to President Johnson. This made my Sergeant very happy. But last week, I tagged a beat-up green Oldsmobile, and I was suspended indefinitely. How come?

Ex-Ptl. D. Grebbs
New York City

Idiot! That was my car!!

Dear Captain O'Malley:

What ever happened to Herman Trent, the famous citizen who—over a period of two months—witnessed six muggings, four robberies and seven murders, but never reported one of these incidents to the Police?

Ptl. H. Ferkle
Detroit, Mich.

He has been missing since October 6th. On that day, he was supposed to marry rich and beautiful heiress, Diane Grey-moor, but he walked out in the middle of the ceremony, because he didn't want to get involved.

Dear Captain O'Malley:

Please excuse my penmanship, but as I am writing this, a hoodlum is shooting at me. I believe I can pick him off with my revolver, but here is my problem. In my town, Policemen earn \$73 a week. So far this week, my family's living expenses have come to \$72.96. Now, since the Department charges me 6¢ for every bullet I fire, if I shoot one shot at this hoodlum, I'll go 2¢ over my weekly living budget. What should I do?

Ptl. Fred Wiggings
Redwood City, Ohio

A new Police Ordinance has just been passed in your city which may help you. Fire one shot and then return what's left of the used cartridge to your Sergeant. He will

BADGE & BILLY'S *Fashion Page*

Featuring
THIS MONTH:

The Latest in Fashions and
Accessories for the Smart,
Well-Dressed, Small Town
Sheriff or Police Chief.*

(1) Genuine plastic, all-weather shock-proof crash helmet, stretch-fits perfectly over all heads with Small to Extra Small brain sizes — by Powerdrunk Creations, \$6.50 ea.

(2) Bold imported sun goggles with one dark lens for seeing Black and one light lens for seeing White — by Segregation Sun Glasses, \$15.00

(3) Never-washed, always-worn nylon wash-and-wear uniform, self-starched automatically by miracle ingredient, "Sweat" — from Ego Attire Co. \$39.95

(4) Genuine, all-flesh, overhanging belly with built-in navel, designed by Schlitz of Milwaukee—11,795 cans.

(5) Imported Argentine-leather Jack Boots—from A. Hitler & Sons, \$19.95

(6) Official Colt .45 Service Pistol — from a Mail Order ad, about \$1.98

(7) Tear Gas Cannister—by Johnson & Smith (Lethal Products Div.), \$12.50

(8) Imported Doberman Pinscher with solid ivory fangs, and a preference for dark meat—by Destroyer, out of Ripper, out of Killer, out of Spot (a rotten pacifist ancestor), \$175

(9) 1965-model steel Schoolchildren's Cattle Prod—by Goose Bay Co. \$18.50

(10) 100% Cowhide Prisoner-Cat-O'-Nine-Tails with separate, but equal tails—by De Sade Products, Ltd., \$12

(11) 200-Proof Moonshine Bourbon—by Hiram Wilkin's Illegal Still, 12¢ qt.

(12) Oafy Comics, for the probing 6-year-old mind, with large type geared for those who move their lips while they read—by Moronic Pub. Co., 10¢

(13) All-Pima Cotton White-On-White Evening Wear for night-rides and cook-outs—by Cannon Sheets, Inc., \$3.98



*Posed by Sheriff Willie Biggit, of Friendly County, Star of Setting Up Speed-Traps, Staging Terror Raids, Screening Skin Pigmentation, Clubbing Freedom Marchers, Ignoring Lynchings and Tirading Against Outsiders on TV.



Goings On Along The Beats

WHAT'S NEW AMONG GUYS AND GALS IN LAW ENFORCEMENT BIZ

By Sgt. Sherman Shamus

The town is still buzzing about that incident that took place on the 18th story ledge of the Farnsworth Building last week. When Ptl. Ed Welles climbed out on the ledge to try and stop a citizen, James Zuber, from committing suicide, Zuber cried, "What's the good of living if you're a lousy underpaid City employee, and nobody respects you?" So Zuber and Ptl. Welles jumped together! We'll miss you, Ed. . . . With so many stories about Patrolmen performing emergency deliveries of babies in the newspapers these days, it's a real pleasure to report what happened on Sycamore Street last night. Dr. Charles Davis, an Obstetrician, was walking along when he suddenly spotted an illegally parked car. Seeing no Policeman around, and realizing that there wasn't a moment to spare, Dr. Davis wrote out an Emergency Parking Ticket! Good thinking, Doc!

BAD NEWS DEPARTMENT: Mollie Gibbons, wife of Ptl. Mike Gibbons, was visibly shocked last Tuesday night as she watched Mike administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to model Doll Flanders. Unfortunately, Miss Flanders was not unconscious at the time. Mollie will get custody of the three children. . . . Sorry to hear about Mel Frick, guard at State Prison, getting fired last week. The Warden was furious when he discovered that pampered Mafioso prisoner, Tony Verelli, had been supplying Mel with cigarettes, whiskey and women—from his cell!

Hats off to that clever, quick-witted State Trooper stationed outside Speed Trap, Georgia, who stopped a Northern Motorist for doing 75 last week. When the motorist snidely boasted that he could prove he was only doing 25, and pointed to a nearby "Speed Checked by Radar" sign, the Trooper guffawed, "Tha's right! I'm HIM—Max Radar! An' I checked you at 75!" We understand that business is booming down there, and that Max is planning to retire soon and buy the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Good luck, fellah!



You have to hand it to those resourceful cops at the 73rd Precinct. When they couldn't get a confession out of Bugsy McCoy after grilling him under the third degree lights for six hours, they charged him \$25.00 for a sun-tan treatment.

Captain Ernest Rupp raided a wild East Side Bachelor Party last week, and confiscated 7 reels of dirty movies that were being shown there. This tireless public servant deserves a word of praise for staging his one-man battle against pornography. Captain Rupp is now studying those vile, filthy films for court action. All Police Officers interested in studying those vile, filthy films with Captain Rupp can attend daily showings at his house at 6:00 P.M., 8:00 P.M., and 10:00 P.M. There will be a small admission charge.



Gangster-Thug "Shemp" Fogarth being beaten up in broad daylight by Patrolman Vince Eckers, despite Shemp's urgent cries for help from fellow gang members. "It never fails," said Shemp as they carted him off in the patrol wagon. "When you really need one, there's never a crook around!"

STREET SCENE: Twelve tough kids playing "Cops and Robbers" on the rough West Side of town: Six kids playing the Cops, and the other six playing the Good Guys. . . . Ptl. Nat Young and his lovely wife, Doris, were pleased as punch when their 18-month-old-son, Brucie, said his very first word the other day. Little Brucie waddled into a Bookie Parlor, stuck out his hand, and cooed, "Payola!". . . . Officers of the 76th Precinct are concerned over the growing leniency of the Courts toward young punks. Last week, 17-year-old "Go-Go" Fallek, who committed Grand Larceny, Kidnap and Murder on Oct. 11th, was let off with a suspended sentence because it was his first offense.

AN OPEN LETTER TO PTL. RICKY HERMAN: It's okay for Police Officers to help themselves to free merchandise at Fruit Stands, but in the future watch yourself at Jewelry Stores! You're ruining it for the rest of us! . . . We just heard from Central Park Ptl. Phil Burns. He tells us the park is so dangerous after dark now that on Thursday evening, his Police Dog was mugged by a Squirrel. We certainly were surprised to learn that Ptl. Burns had even resorted to walking his park beat with a Police Dog, but Phil informed us that his Police Lion was sick that night. But don't get me wrong. I love Law Enforcement!

The Correct Thing

Every issue, **BADGE & BILLY** presents a series of Proper Behavior Tips for Law Enforcement Officers. This month, we present tips for Officers in Patrol Cars. If you are an Officer in a Patrol Car, you will learn a valuable lesson from reading these tips, especially if you are the Officer in the Patrol Car who is driving at the time. Valuable lesson being, if you read and drive at the same time, you may smash into ■ pedestrian or ■ civilian car, sure—but what is really bad is you may strain your eyesight.



Always stop for coffee breaks at unexpected places like in tunnels or on bridges. Preferably on Sunday afternoons. If your coffee should happen to get cold, you can always get out of your Patrol Car and politely ask any of the motorists jammed up behind you if you can re-warm it on the over-heated radiator of his car.



Only blast your siren at night. In this way, you are being courteous ■ night workers who sleep during the day. Try to sound your siren between the hours of 2 A.M. and 5 A.M. but only on important jobs—like going out to apprehend holders of overdue library books. **SPECIAL NOTE:** The building here was a Convalescent Home until the earth-shattering blast shown in picture. Now it is a Home for the Deaf.



Always keep your roof blinker light on, even when you're not chasing anyone and just cruising aimlessly. This is a wonderful method for frightening motorists in front of you. You'd be amazed at how many innocent motorists will immediately feel guilty. Some will foolishly speed up to get out of your way, in which case you can stay right behind them until they exceed the speed limit and then pull them over and give them tickets. Or else, just the sight of your blinker will be enough. And remember this: ■ patrol car which is functioning properly should be able to cause twelve heart attacks or deliver twelve tickets per gallon of gas.

BADGE & BILLY Classified Ads

LOST AND FOUND

LOST, in the vicinity of Broadway, a small white Bookie, answers to the name of Hymie, has tiny mole on left cheek and large yellow streak down back. Broken hearted Police Lieutenant desperately wants him back. No sentimental value, but he has been paying me off to the tune of \$200 a week. Reward. Box 146, B & B.

RIDES TO SHARE

FRIGHTENED POLICEMAN, recently assigned to N. Y. Subway Train to protect passengers from assault, looking for companion to share ride and protect him. Must be someone who knows his way around Subways and is afraid of nothing. Prefer a retired mugger. Box 148, ■ & ■.

PERSONALS

39-YEAR-OLD COP—thank you—anxious to meet respectable young lady—thank you—with object of matrimony—thank you. Am tall, good looking, with no faults—thank you—except for slight speech defect—thank you—which came about because of my 15 years as a Bridge Toll Collector—thank you—but most people hardly notice it—thank you. Box 151, B & B.

LOOKING FOR perfect speed trap hiding place? I know a great sign, vicinity of Route 9, Hoboken, N.J. Will trade for a hiding place of equal value, vicinity of Route 17, West Orange, N.J., where I am being transferred. Box 154, B & B.

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS

TWENTY-SEVEN F.B.I. MEN, anxious to form Communist Party Cell, desperately need a Communist. Willing to waive initiation fees, dues, hazing, etc., for right man. In emergency, will consider, Pinko, Titoist, or Eisenhower Republican. Box 156, ■ & B.

HOME EDUCATION

LOSING YOUR IMAGE as a lovable cop? Maybe your Irish accent is going bad. This could happen to any cop, especially a Jewish one. Why not improve your Irish accent at home, while you sleep, with this amazing educational instrument. Simply plug it into your ears before retiring, and listen to the sound-tracks of 14 Barry Fitzgerald movies. **FREE** with each course, a special make-up kit to convert tired, sad eyes into twinkling, smiling Irish ones. **EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER** to the first 100 applicants: a 74 page pamphlet which tells you exactly how things are in Glocca Mora. Box 890, ■ & B.

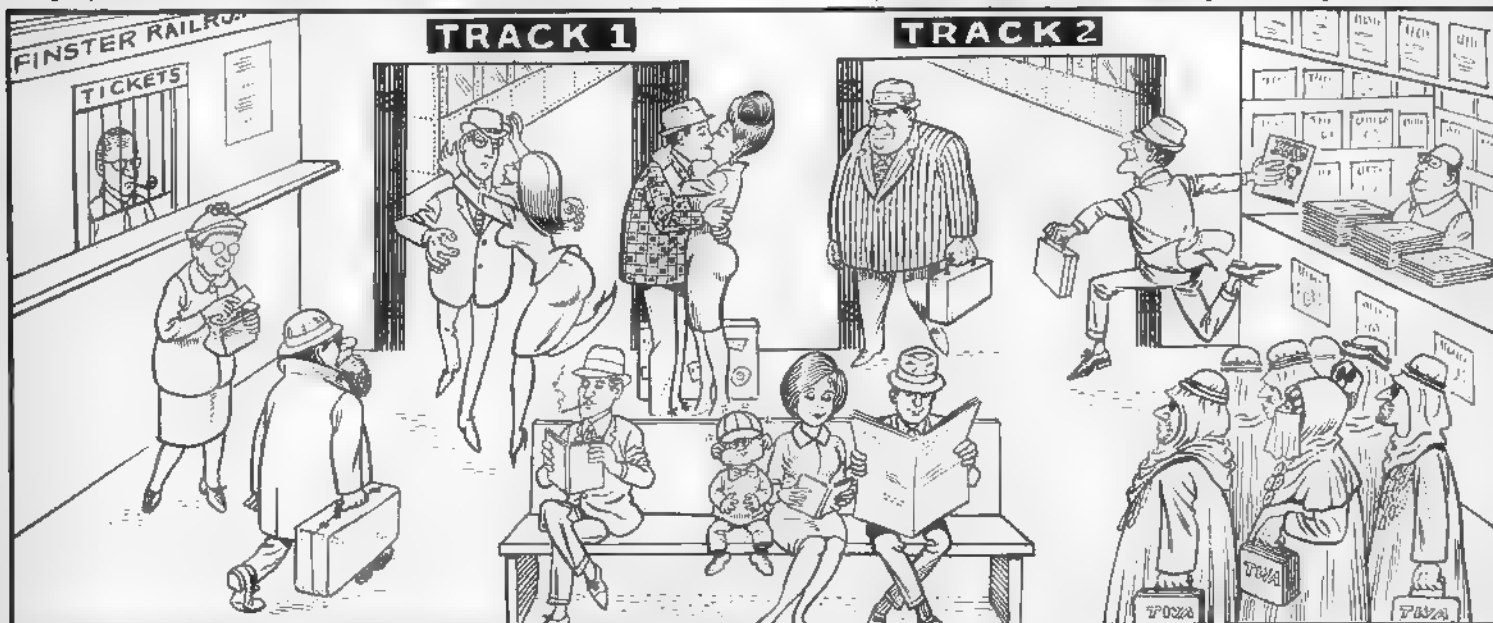
BUSINESS INVESTMENTS

FORMER HERO-COP, who single-handedly captured kidnap gang, would like to go into interesting business enterprise. Have available for investment purposes about \$200,000 in small, unmarked bills. Box 177, B & B.

MAD'S PUZZLE

FIND THE MISTAKES

THERE ARE TEN MISTAKES IN THIS SCENE.
CAN YOU FIND THEM ALL?



HERE ARE THE TEN MISTAKES IN THIS SCENE:

1. TICKET SELLER GAVE LADY A TICKET TO TORONTO. SHE ASKED FOR ONE TO MIAMI.
2. TRAIN ON TRACK 2 SHOULD HAVE COME IN ON TRACK 17, LOWER LEVEL.
3. MAN IN CHECKED COAT IS KISSING WIFE OF MAN IN STRIPED COAT "GOODBYE"-- UNWARE THAT HER HUSBAND HAS ARRIVED UNEXPECTEDLY ON TRACK 2.
4. INTELLIGENT MAN, HURRYING TO CATCH TRAIN ON TRACK 1, HAS ACCIDENTALLY PICKED UP COPY OF "MAD" INSTEAD OF "THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE".
5. BEARDED MAN IS A FLEEING EMBEZZLER WHO HAS GRABBED THE WRONG SUITCASE. THIS ONE CONTAINS ONLY BLANKETS AND MOTHBALLS. THE ONE WITH THE MONEY IS

6. LADY RUSHING TO EMBRACE HER HUSBAND IS SHOUTING, "WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU HOME AGAIN, IRVING DARLING!" ONLY TROUBLE IS, HIS NAME IS PAUL.
7. MAN ON BENCH IS HALF-WAY THROUGH A FRENCH NOVEL. HE DOES NOT KNOW A SINGLE WORD OF FRENCH.
8. FAMILY ON BENCH IS LOOKING FORWARD TO HAPPY, CAREFREE VACATION. THEY CAN FORGET IT, THE KID HAS EATEN THE TRAIN TICKETS.
9. GROUP OF EAST KHURDIAN TOURISTS THINK THIS IS KENNEDY AIRPORT, AND ARE GOING TO MISS THEIR PLANE. THE NEXT ONE DOESN'T LEAVE FOR THREE MONTHS.
10. BIGGEST MISTAKE OF ALL, MAINLY THAT YOU TRIED TO SPOT THE OTHER NINE.

WIN

\$10,000.00

MERELY FILL IN THE FINAL
RHYMING WORD TO THIS POEM:

The sun shines brightly,
And the birds sing merrily;
The stars shine nightly,
And the world is _____.

MATCH THE TWINS

TWO OF THE SIX PEOPLE PICTURED HERE ARE TWINS.
CAN YOU PICK THEM OUT?



ANSWER: THE BOY IN THE CHECKED COAT AND GIRL IN THE POLKA DOT DRESS
ARE TWINS. THE OTHER FOUR ARE QUADRUPLETS.

PAGE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH THIS CHALLENGING FEATURE ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE TYPICAL **MAD** READER -- THAT BRILLIANT AND INTELLIGENT, BUT BASICALLY LAZY SLOB -- WHO'LL FIND THESE PUZZLES ABOUT AS EASY AS LOUNGING AROUND WATCHING TV ALL DAY.

PUZZLES • RIDDLES
*** BRAIN-TWISTERS ***
REBUSES • POSERS
*** CROSSWORDS ***
INANITIES • AND
OTHER TIMEWASTERS

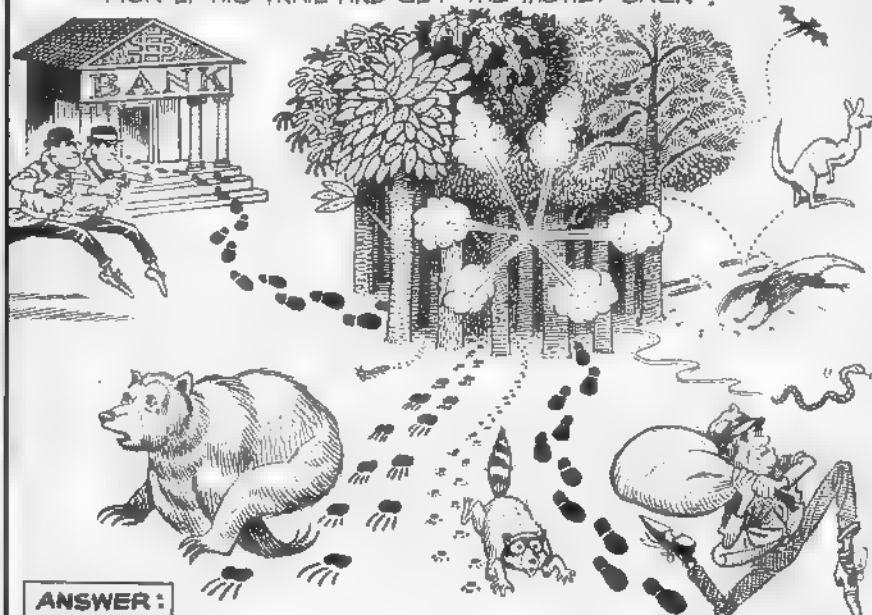
CAN YOU CUT OUT THESE PIECES AND PUT THEM TOGETHER TO FORM A PERFECT SQUARE?



ANSWER: IF YOU HAVE CORRECTLY ASSEMBLED THE PIECES, YOU SHOULD HAVE A PORTRAIT OF ALLEN LUDDEN. HE IS ABOUT THE MOST PERFECT SQUARE WE KNOW!

DETECTIVE GAME

THE BANK HAS BEEN ROBBED OF \$500,000 AND THE CROOK HAS ESCAPED INTO THE WOODS. CAN YOU HELP THE DETECTIVES PICK UP HIS TRAIL AND GET THE MONEY BACK?



ANSWER: IF YOU FOLLOWED THE BEAR, YOU ARE ON THE RIGHT TRACK. THE CROOK AND THE \$500,000 WAS THE FIRST MEAL THE BEAR HAD EATEN IN WEEKS. (IF YOU FOLLOWED THE MAN WITH THE SACK, YOU ARE MERELY TRAILING A POOR BLUM WHO WAS SLEEPING IN THE WOODS WHEN ALL THE COMMOION STARTED.)

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS SOMETHING YOU SELDOM SEE WITH YOUR NAKED EYE, BUT IT IS ALL AROUND JUST THE SAME. YOU FIND IT IN POLICE STATIONS AND BANKS. IT IS ALSO IN RESTAURANTS AND HOMES. IT IS EVEN ON FURNITURE, BOOKS AND FOOD. IT IS ON **EVERYTHING**! CAN YOU TELL WHAT IT IS?

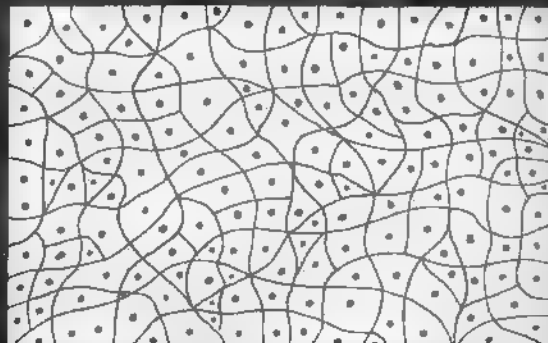


ANSWER:

IF YOU ANSWERED: "BIATIDAE ORTHOPTERA", YOU WERE CORRECT. NO, THAT'S NOT LATIN FOR "FINGER-PRINT". IT'S LATIN FOR "COCKROACH", WHICH IS WHAT'S SQUASHED UNDER THE FINGERPRINT.

TRAVEL TRICK

BLACK IN EVERY SPACE WITH A DOT, AND YOU WILL VISIT A VERY FAMOUS INDIAN LANDMARK.



ANSWER:

"THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA"

SECRET MESSAGE

CAREFULLY RUB GENUINE WHALE OIL INTO THE BLANK SPACE BELOW AND A SECRET MESSAGE WILL MAGICALLY APPEAR. REMEMBER, ONLY GENUINE WHALE OIL WILL BRING OUT THE MESSAGE. IF YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY GENUINE WHALE OIL AROUND THE HOUSE, SEND \$25.00 TO THIS MAGAZINE, AND WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET ALL THE WHALE OIL YOU NEED TO DO THE TRICK. GOLLY! AREN'T YOU JUST DYING TO KNOW WHAT THE MESSAGE SAYS?



Jaffee

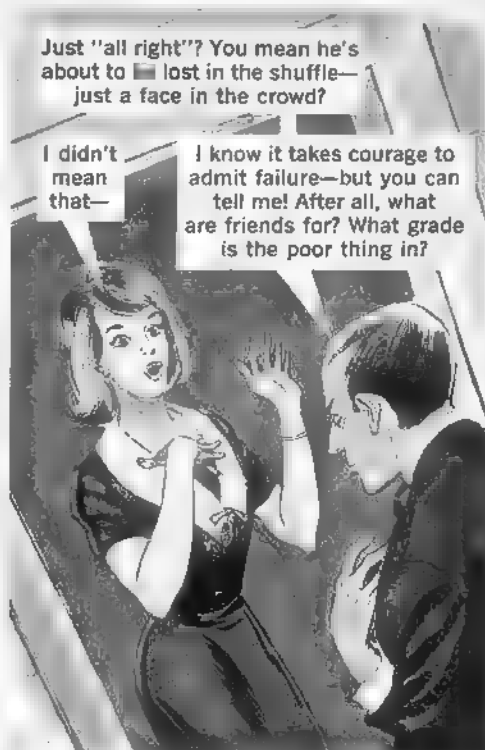
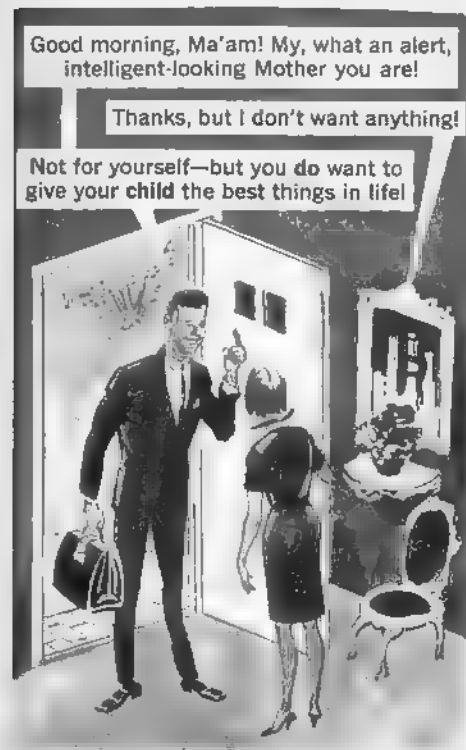
THE PLOY'S THE THING DEPT.

Tell the truth—aren't you enjoying this wonderful, witty and clever magazine? Of course you are! Most intelligent people who have well-developed senses of humor enjoy MAD.

Now really be honest—at this point, aren't you ashamed to admit you don't enjoy MAD!? That's because you've just been intimidated! Do you realize how many times a day you

Intimidations ..

You can be intimidated by ■ Door-to-Door Salesman—like this...



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: STAN HART

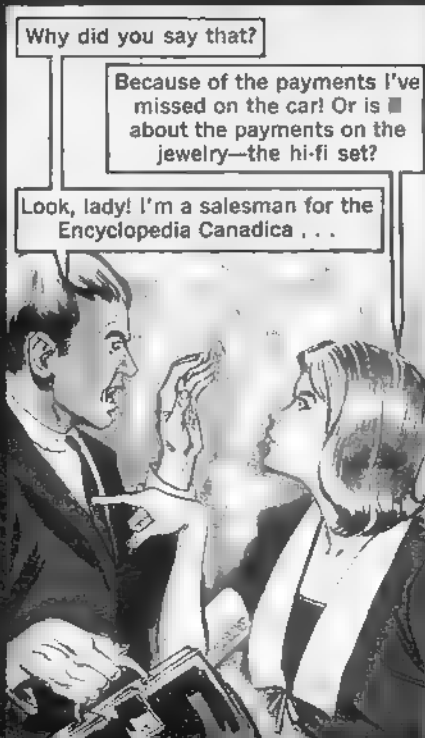
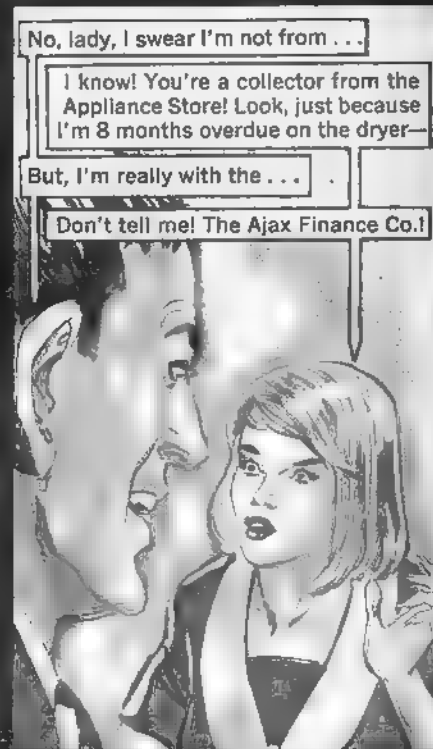
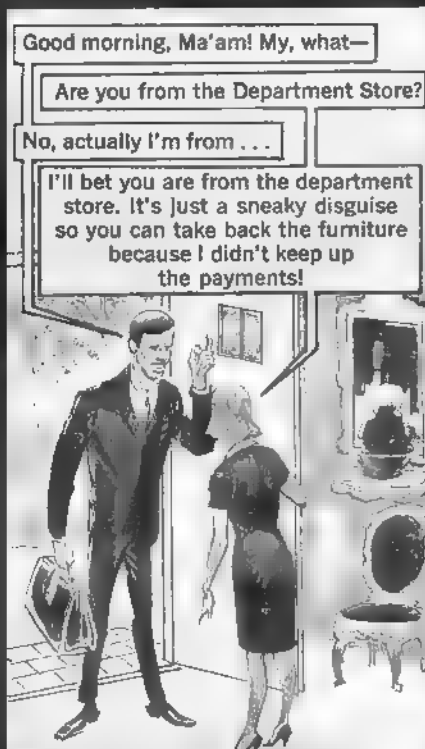


are intimidated into buying something you don't want, or doing something you really don't care to do? Well, take heart, faithful MAD fans. ■ the Editor has any brains

at all, he'll buy this article which shows how you people can fight back against that vast army of intimidators who are out there ready to devour you alive. Mainly, here are

...and Antidotes

or—you can do THIS.



You can be intimidated by a match-making mother like this



...or—you can do THIS...

I don't know if you ever met my daughter! She's a lovely girl!

I'm sure she is, but I don't—

She's a straight "A" student . . . bright as a whip!

Yes, well, I'm only a "C-plus" student myself!

But you'd never know she was bright! Every fellow feels comfortable with her!

She must be very popular!

Popular!? I never see her! She's always out on dates! Of course, she has a free Saturday night occasionally—like this Saturday night . . .

Yeah, well, if I weren't busy this Saturday—

There's a Saturday in the next week, too—and the week after—

But my folks insist I get home early!

Such fine people! I'd be proud to have my daughter going with a handsome boy from such good stock!

But—

I knew it the minute I met you! You're not one of those that goes only for looks! You're sensible—you know beauty is only skin deep!

Er—I really don't—

Since you can't stay out late on Saturday night, you can come a little earlier. She'll expect you at 12:30 in the afternoon! See you Saturday!

I don't know if you ever met my daughter! She's—

Look, lady! A girl's a girl with me!

But she's a lovely girl—a straight "A" student—

It's a date! I'll pick her up tonight at 8:30! Don't wait up for her! She may not be home until Monday!

What?

See, there's this party at my friend's place! He lives out of town—in this cabin in the woods! Tell her not to fuss—my pal's making the booze!

Booze?! But I disapprove of young people drinking—

Don't worry! We won't touch a drop until after the drag race we're having down U.S. 101!

Drag race!? But I don't like too much driving—

Oh, we won't be driving all the time! We'll park by the side of the road for a while—to get acquainted!

She's not that type of girl!

Oh? What type is she?

She's cultured, refined, well-mannered and moral!

Leave her to me! I'll break her of those bad habits!

Young man—leave immediately or I'll call the police!

Yeah! Call them! I'd like to find out how the girl I had out last Saturday night is doing!

You fiend!! Good-bye!!



You can even intimidate yourself in a restaurant... like this...

I wonder what I should tip the waiter?

I think 15% is right—but he looks so important!

In fact, he looks a lot more important than I do!

If I give him too little, and he says something—I'll die!

But if I overtip, and he thanks me, I'll feel like a fool!

Wish he wouldn't stand over me while I'm figuring the tip!

It makes me so nervous, I'm sure I'll make a mistake!

Let's see—was the service good? No, it was bad! Then why should I leave as much for bad service as for good service?

Because I'm chicken... that's why!

So he's not a good waiter! I'll bet he's got a wife and kids to support! He's probably upset by troubles at home!

It's really not his fault if he brought the wrong main course

And why should he suffer just for spilling coffee on me! Anyone can make a mistake!

I know what I'll do! I'll compromise! The check is \$12.00 I'll pay with a \$20 bill!

And let him keep the change!



...or—you can do THIS...

Er—would you call our waiter, please? I'd like the check!

But—I AM your waiter!!

Oh, really! Gee, I didn't recognize you!
But then, I haven't seen you for so long!

Why, I've been here all the time!

Oh!? Even when I found that dirty silverware?
And the soup that was spilled in my saucer?

I'm sorry about that! But if you'd told me—

If I could have found you, I could have told you!

Sir—I've been a waiter for over 20 years!

Well, I guess you need ability to advance yourself!

Sir—I resent that!

You're entitled. I imagine you have a wife and children to support, so they let you stay on!

Listen, I don't need charity from anyone!

Oh, no? Tell me—don't you expect me to leave a tip?

That is the customary practice, Sir!

For doing nothing? Don't you call that charity?

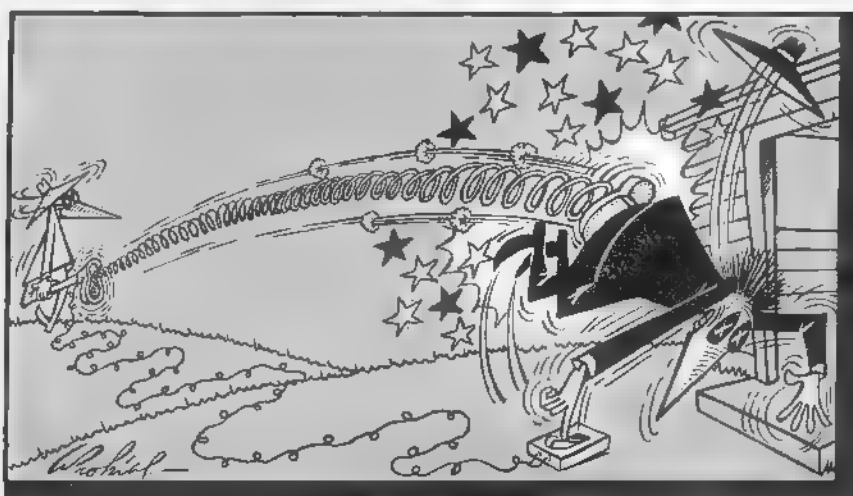
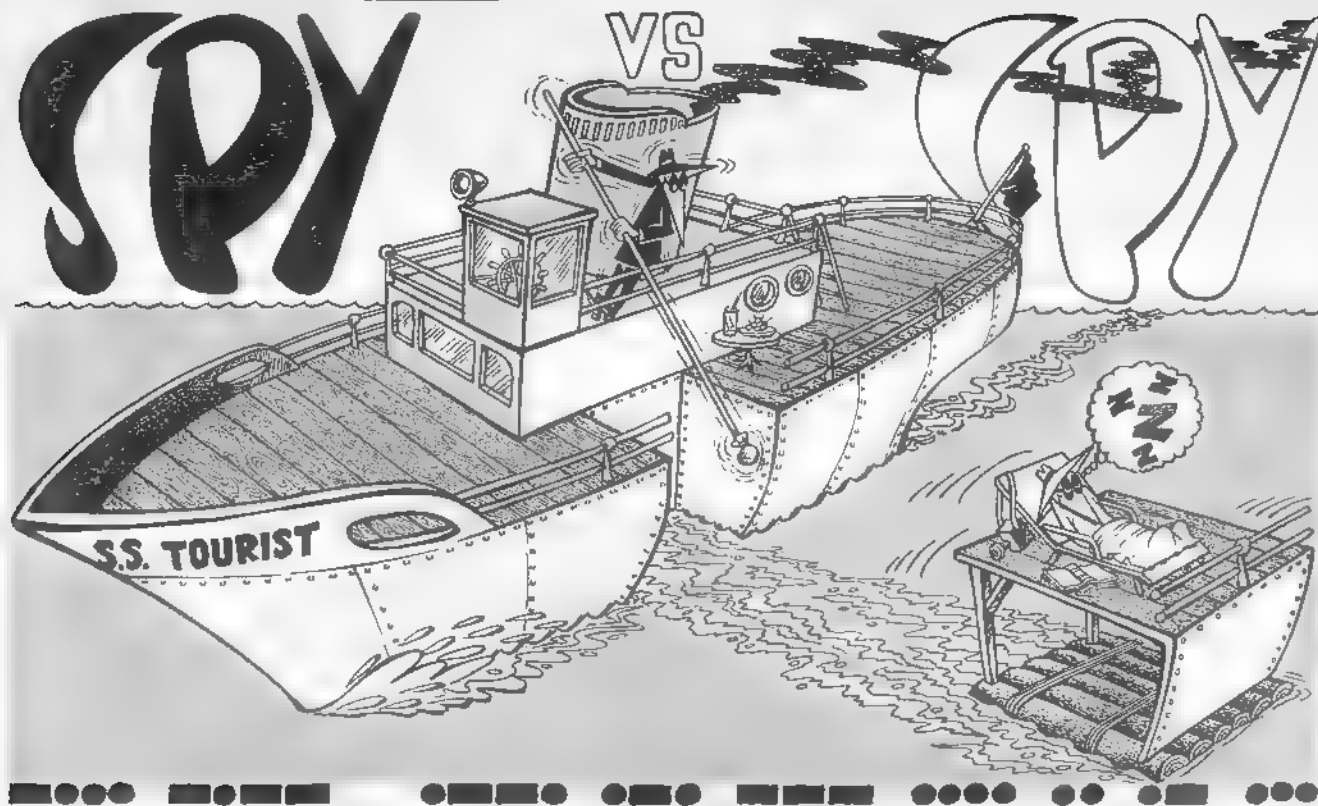
Look, punk! I don't need your lousy money!

Let's see—I usually leave 20%, but in this case—

You know what you can do with your tip, crum!

Come, dear! You can't talk to an irrational man!





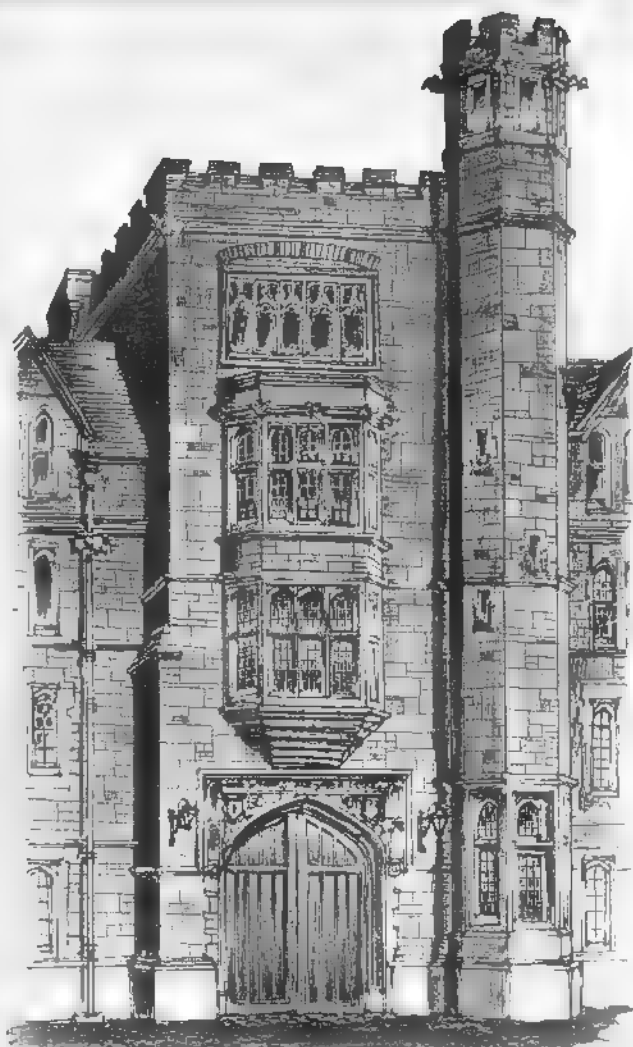
SUMMA CUM LAZY DEPT.

All around the country, college students are revolting (in more ways than usual) against what they consider to be an assembly-line educational system that grinds out graduates without teaching them anything. Yet, despite these protests, it is obvious that Higher Education will continue to reflect our nation's adult society . . . that more and more, college students will be trained to appreciate the positive aspects of getting lost in the shuffle and staying there . . . and that someday, we will be preparing our young people for an anonymous lifetime in a conforming apathetic world with . . .

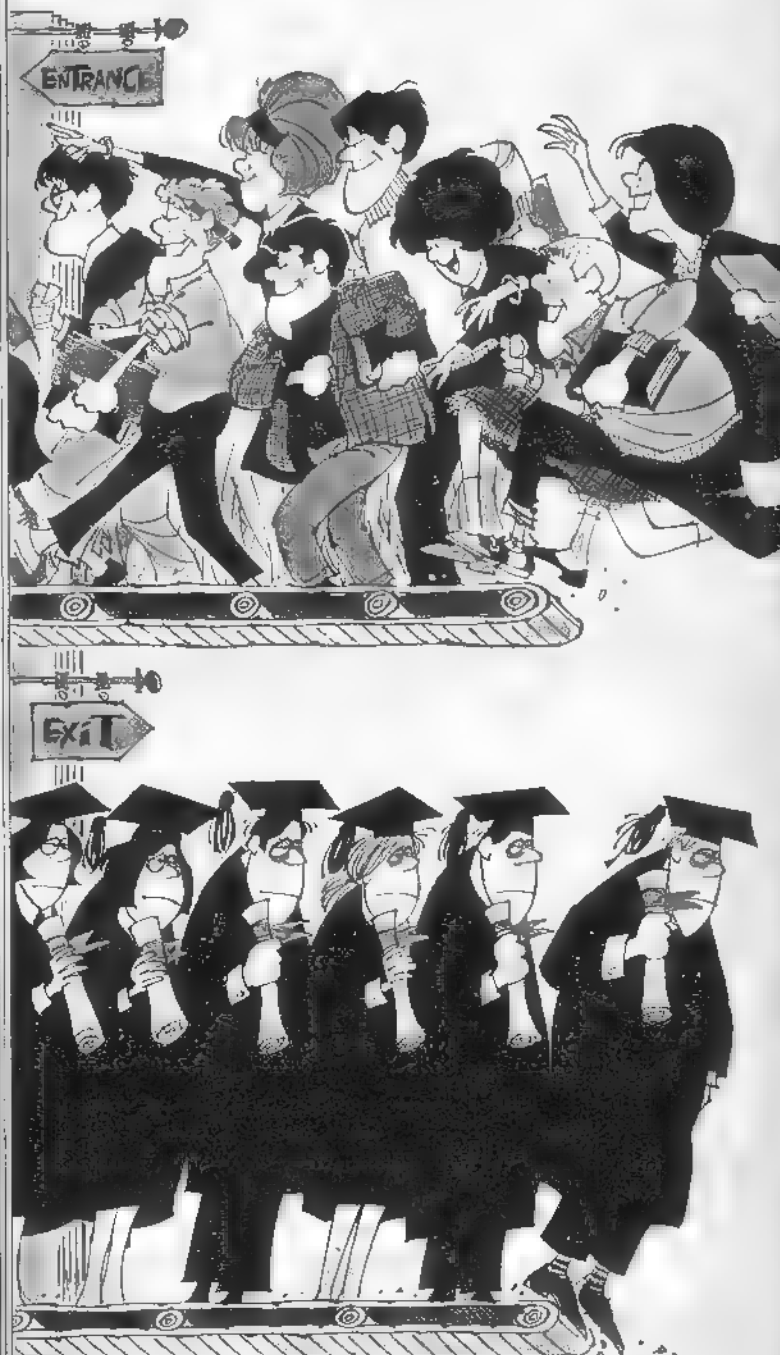
COLLEGE PROGRAMS TO DEVELOP MASTERS OF MEDIOCRITY



Megalopolis State University COLLEGE OF DISILLUSION



**CATALOGUE OF COURSES
FALL SEMESTER 1966**



ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.
WRITTEN BY: DONALD D. SHANDLER



FRESHMAN COURSES

100A. INTRODUCTION TO APATHY

Room 2931 Chuckit Hall 3 Credits M-W-F
Mr. D. Moralize

This survey course is geared to help the over-zealous freshman achieve the degree of apathy required on the college level. Lectures will concentrate on the futility of retaining such immature traits as ambition, ideals and a sense of school spirit.

100B. REMEDIAL INDIFFERENCE

Room 857 Over Hall 2 Credits Sat-Sun
Mr. Whippinline

Prerequisite to INTRODUCTION TO APATHY for unusually difficult students who refuse to accept the status quo even after they have gained a fuller understanding of it.

101. BEGINNING DISILLUSION

Room 77 Nohohpat Hall 3 Credits M-T-Th
Mr. C. Black

Designed to imbue the incoming student with a feeling of basic helplessness in regard to the more pressing problems confronting the world he lives in. Discussions will cover such topics as the inevitability of the Rotten Society, the insignificance of the individual in world affairs and the adoption of a realistic attitude that everything is bound to get a lot worse before it gets better, if ever.

102. UMBILICAL COORDINATION

Room 666 Navel Academy 3 Credits T-W-F
Mother Wylie

This course will help to prevent the severing of the silver cord between a mother and her pampered child. It enables the overly-dependent freshman, away from home for the first time, to learn the advantages of continuing to lean on Mom throughout college, job-placement and marriage.

104. PARENTAL PRESSURE OPPOSITION

Room 803 Sickovit Hall 0 Credits F-Sat-Sun
Mr. Offyurback

Students will learn to help their parents mature, by acquiring an over-all knowledge of methods helpful in decreasing family emphasis on academic success, choice of a career and general personality adjustment. Students will apply what they learn on weekends at home.

105. INTRODUCTORY NON-PARTICIPATION

Room 1181 Rejectit Hall 3 Credits M-W-Th
Miss DeFunn

Especially designed to assist the naive freshman in conquering his immature desire to become involved in normal extra-curricular activities. Discussions will concentrate on loss of prestige, useless expenditure of energy and the lack of meaning in later life inherent in non-compulsory campus affairs. (Note: This course not open to students attending the University on athletic scholarships.)

106. FUNDAMENTALS OF KILLING LEISURE TIME

Students Lounge Downthe Hall 3 Credits T-Th-F
Mr. Goldbrick

Although specifically designed to assist the incoming student (who worked hard in high school preparing for college acceptance) to adjust to goofing off now that he's here, this course also lays the foundation for apathetic lolling after graduation. All aspects of unproductive leisure time activity will be examined with special emphasis on prolonged day dreaming.

SOPHOMORE COURSES

200. TECHNIQUES OF SCAPEGOATING

Room 701 Duckett Hall 3 Credits M-W-F
Pastor Buck

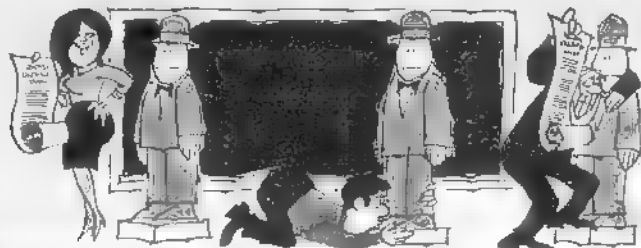
Learning to blame teachers, parents, employers and society in general for personal shortcomings will be the student's objective in this course. Guest lecturers from the Department of Speech will assist with instruction in whining.

201. CONTEMPORARY SELF-ACCEPTANCE

Room 59 Acceptit Hall 3 Credits T-W-Th
Mr. D. Lusion

For the second year student who has mastered the fundamentals of apathy, including the avoidance of responsibility and constructive participation, but who still experiences twinges of anxiety as to where his emerging lack of identity may lead him. This course enables the individual to drift with renewed confidence by pointing up how the growth of automation makes him increasingly unnecessary; the disintegrating world situation makes his future increasingly improbable, and the population explosion makes his inability to produce increasingly desirable.





304. BASIC HYPOCRISY

Room 180 Justifyette Hall 3 Credits T-W-Th
Mr. Lippservis

The advanced study of communicating on two levels is the core of this course. Students will learn that words and actions do not have to be consistent. Guest lecturers will include businessmen, politicians and educators who will demonstrate how their superficial ideas have not interfered with making a living.

305. ALL-PURPOSE OPINION FORMULATION

Room 215 Patronizem Hall 3 Credits M-Th-F
Mr. Brownose

Through concentrated training in the development of a total lack of enlightened opinion, firm conviction and ethical principles as they relate to the pressing issues of our time, this course is designed to pave the way for rapid advancement in later life by enabling the student to voice wholehearted agreement with all lunatic fringe views held by employers, wealthy prospective in-laws and other individuals who have something the student wants.

SENIOR COURSES

400. ADVANCED DISILLUSION

Room 829 Faicet Hall 3 Credits T-W-Th
Dr. Know

A refresher course for the senior about to enter the cold, hard world. In addition to consoling the fourth year student for failing either to prepare himself for adult life or to drop out of school and get started on it, the course will help him develop the skills of goldbricking, social parasitism, ingratiating conformity, financial credit manipulation and income tax evasion.

401. CONTACT MAINTENANCE

Room 177 Potential Building 3 Credits M-W-F
Miss Hughes

A frank seminar discussion of the importance of re-kindling and capitalizing on tenuous college relationships in later life. Emphasis will be placed on the selection of casual acquaintances most likely to succeed in order to weed out and discard potentially meaningless friends before it's too late. Attention also will be focused on the future fabricating of college reminiscences for the purpose of securing employment from and/or selling insurance to classmates you never actually met.

402. STUDIES IN EGOCENTRICITY

Room 112 Ego Building 3 Credits T-Th-F
Prof. LeGate

Business administration students will find this course particularly advantageous in bulldozing their way into profitable endeavors for which they are unqualified. They will learn to overlook their inadequacies by becoming self-centered individuals with little regard for the person, dignity and property of others. Strong emphasis will be placed on the rude and the vulgar as a means of dominating those with less self-assurance.

404. PREPARATION FOR POST-GRADUATE APATHY

Room 390 Avoidit Hall 3 Credits M-W-F
Mr. E. Lood

Offered for the first time during the present academic year, this course will aid the graduate in maintaining a solid foundation of self-centered dis-interest when confronted with the pressure to participate in suburban civic endeavors. Students will be taught the basic principles of begging off, indefinite postponement, quarrelsome behavior at planning sessions, and negative arguments against Little League baseball, the preservation of historical landmarks, the need for additional school crossing guards and expansion of facilities for anything.

405. FLAUNTING

Room 219 Regalem Hall 2 Credits W-F
Mr. Bragg

Students will be encouraged to utilize their college degrees as symbols of superiority over more capable individuals who have been exposed to fewer years of formal schooling. Techniques will be stressed for dropping references to college days into conversations, for terminating arguments with inferiors by mis-quoting former professors, and for utilizing your educational background as an offsetting factor to explain away goofs on the job, all out of context.

406. INDEPENDENT STUDY

Room 300 Jon Hall 3 Credits M-W-F
Miss Montez

Inserted into the curriculum for the benefit of seniors who otherwise would fall three units short of meeting the requirements for graduation. Special fee: \$175, but well worth it to avoid being stuck here for another whole semester.



DIRTY BIRDS DEPT.

Once upon a time, there was a "Piper" who lured mice and rats with his playing, and . . . well, you all know the story of the "Pied Piper." Now there's another kind of "Piper" who is luring a different kind of following with its playing. We happen to be talking about

the in piper

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Mother, tell me a story.

Okay, Denny. I'll tell you the plot of this movie. As you know, my name is Lurid Reynard.

I'm a gorgeous, non-conformist beatnik painter with an annual income of \$8.12. I run around practically nude all the time, and with the money I save on clothes, I was able to buy that fantastic \$75,000 home of ours on the hill.

The reason you never met your father is because I never married him—since I didn't think he was good enough for you and me. Now, then—

I've heard enough, Mother. Now tell me a story that's more believable—like "Jack And The Beanstalk!"



Well, Clear, here I am, a plain, average Episcopalian Minister—the head of a Church School for Boys, and here you are, my plain, average wife of 20 years—the mother of my two children, and we are indescribably happy.

Clear, are you thinking what I'm thinking?

Yes, Egbert, we're both thinking: What could possibly come between us?

Hello! I'm Lurid Reynard!



Dr. Hooey, the Court has ordered me to enroll my son, Denny, in your Church School.

He'll get a fine religious education here, Miss Reynard. I am a devout Christian Minister who has devoted 40 years of my life to my Church. I will defend to the death the validity of every sentence, word and punctuation mark in the Bible, and furthermore...

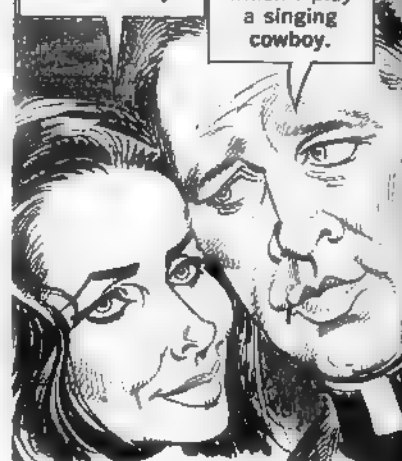
I think religion is icky.

But in the light of your keen theological insight, I must admit there's a lot to be said for atheism, too.

The kid was right! "Jack And The Beanstalk" IS more believable!

I didn't think it was possible, Dick, but you are a bigger nebbish in THIS film than you were as Marc Antony.

Liz, for \$2 million, I'll do anything. Wish me luck in our next movie, in which I play a singing cowboy.



There's nothing like spending a nice, average evening at home in quiet, suburban Big Sewer, California, and inviting two plain, average suburban friends over to sculpture me in the nude.

It's amazing how just one hunk of wood can help turn a dirty scene into an artistic one!



Hello, Miss Reynard. I just dropped in to tell you that your son got a "C-minus" in penmanship today—and I'm not wearing my clerical collar.

That's great news about the penmanship, Dr. Hooey, but couldn't you have phoned me about it?

No, I always travel 312 miles at 1 A.M. to speak about marks to mothers who live in breathtaking homes, overlooking the ocean, they can't afford.



Er—who are you two fellows?

I'm an angry, intellectual beatnik-sculptor. I believe in anarchy, free love, free thought, world peace and dirt.

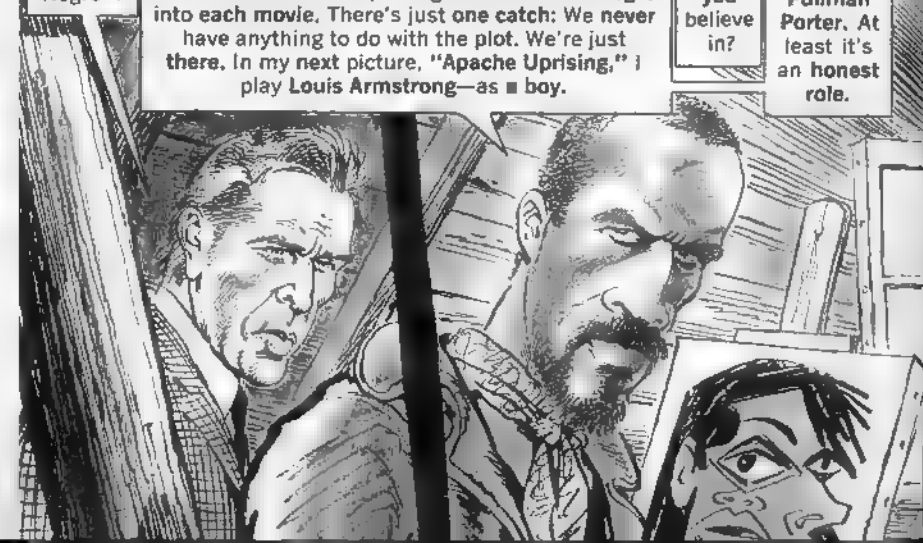
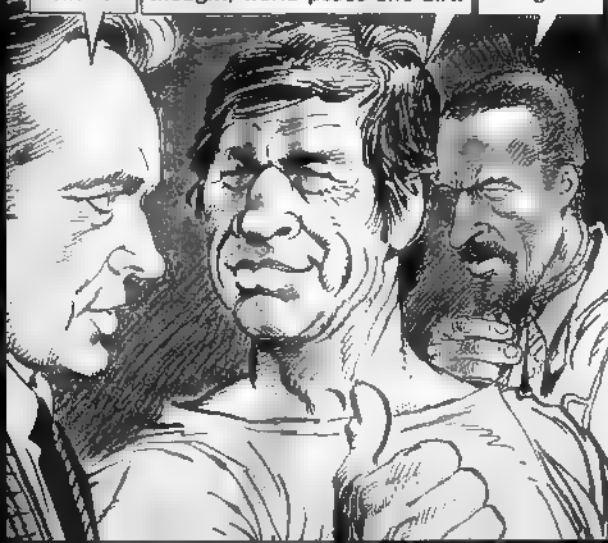
And I'm the film's token Negro.

What's a "token Negro"?

Well, with Civil Rights moving ahead these days, film-makers are now putting one educated Negro into each movie. There's just one catch: We never have anything to do with the plot. We're just there. In my next picture, "Apache Uprising," I play Louis Armstrong—as a boy.

And what do you believe in?

I believe I'd rather play a Pullman Porter. At least it's an honest role.



Well, here we are alone at last—just a plain, average, lecherous Minister-teacher and a plain, average, unmarried parent—ready to discuss penmanship. I hate crowded PTA meetings, don't you?

I'll be right with you. I'm just going to shrink my slacks in hot water and then walk around in them. It's the least I can do for the intellectuals in the movie audience.

Egbert, darling, perhaps you can answer a question for me. Why have men always failed to appreciate my intelligence and sensitivity? Why have men always wanted to hold me and kiss me and hug me? I just can't understand it.

When does this happen?

Every time I walk into a store, naked.



How different our lives are, Egbert. Look what I've got: A disturbed son with a father who never married me, 38 unwashed beatnik friends, 71 Henry Miller books and 112 Lenny Bruce records. Meanwhile, what have you got? A wife who loves you, two well-adjusted children, a fine home, a good income, a respectable calling and a two thousand year old religion

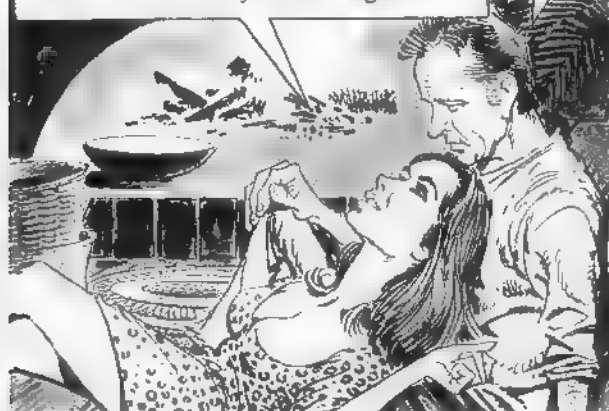
You're right, Lurid. I never realized my life was so empty!

I envy the fulfillment in your life, Lurid. I want to be free, too! FREE . . .

You mean, free like this wounded Sinpiper bird. He wants to be free, too. Come, let's operate on his broken wing and set him free.

I get it. He's a symbol. I love symbols. They make things seem so intellectual.

That's right. Look what Alfred E. Neuman has done for MAD!



Scissors.

Scissors.

Scotch tape.

Scotch tape.

Airplane glue.

Airplane glue.

Lift my robe a bit so the audience can see my legs.

Lift your robe a bit so the audience can see your legs.



There, little Sinpiper bird, You're free. And you're flying—FLYING—

He's got a broken wing. He's not flying. He's just sitting there, looking a little dizzy.

Of course he's flying. What do you think the airplane glue was for? He's been sniffing it!



Welcome back home, Egbert, dear. I missed you. Did you miss me?

All right, Clear. You might as well say it. You suspect there's something wrong between us.

What could be wrong? What's there to suspect? Just because you were gone for 12 days without a word? Now you just relax and I'll clean all the lipstick off your clothes . . .



. . . and then I'll polish your new ankle slave bracelet, and then I'll wash out your new "Big Sewer" T-shirt, and then I'll iron your new perfumed handkerchief with the initials "L.R." on it, and then I'll fold up your new tie that says, "Won't You Kiss Me In The Dark, Lurid, Baby?", and then I'll give you dinner, and . . .

Clear, I was with Lurid Reynard. I love her. But I also love you. You see, I love her for her beauty and passion, and I love you for your intelligence and awareness.



Isn't it exciting and inspiring to be here on the beach—singing, dancing and engaging in important, scintillating conversation.

Henry Miller . . .
Existentialism . . .
Free Love . . .
Dirt . . .

Jackson Pollack . . .
Zen Buddhism . . .
Bertrand Russell . . .
Ferlinghetti . . .
Beards . . .

Sit-ins . . .
Teach-ins . . .
Chain-ins . . .
Retch-ins . . .

Something about this scene seems vaguely familiar to me. The singing and dancing, the ridiculous dialogue . . . it's as if I've seen it all somewhere before.

You have, idiot. Don't you get it. This is an "Adult" Beach Movie!



Lurid, there's someone here to see you. He says that because he's loved you, his life is ruined.

Honey, because I've loved you, my life is ruined.

Look, Eddie, I've nothing against "cameo roles," but this one seems strangely inappropriate. Now, get lost and let me take that line.



Lurid, because I've loved you, my life is ruined.

But I can't explain it to you here, in front of all these coarse oafs who could never understand. I'll explain it to you and my wife, Clear, during my Church Sermon on Sunday—in front of hundreds of good, clean-living people who will understand. Mainly because they've all dreamed about getting into a situation like this.



For my sermon today, I would like to talk about "Good" and "Evil"—and how sometimes "Evil" can be "Good" and "Good" can be "Evil"—and how good "Good-Evil" can be, and how evil "Evil-Good" can be—and how I was once "Evil-Good" until I discovered "Good-Evil". . .



Er...
Pardon
me—

psst
psst
psst



Ladies and gentlemen,
my sermon has just
been cancelled. Instead,
I am to receive some
sort of important
Religious Award . . .

I am Father
Patrick
O'Connor—
and this is
Rabbi Samuel
Greenberg . . .



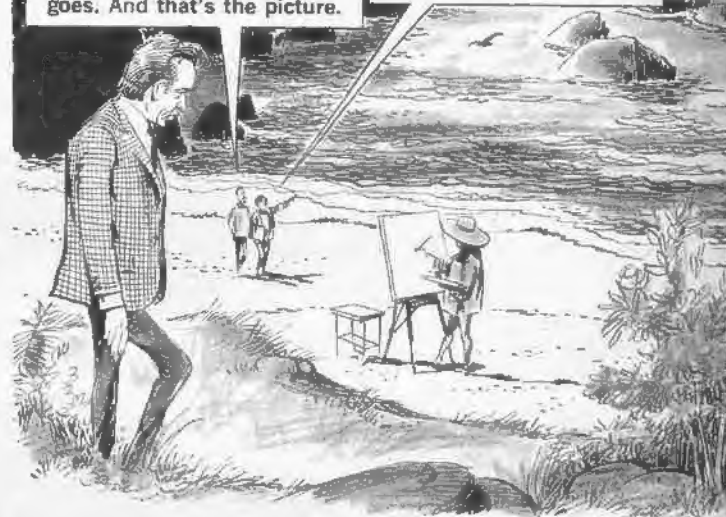
On behalf of our respective faiths, we would like to present you with this Award. Because of your role as a defrocked Minister in "The Night Of The Banana" and your role as a ridiculously unreal Episcopalian Minister in this movie, you—single-handedly—have been responsible for the conversion of more than 3,000,000 Protestants to Catholicism and Judaism to date . . .

And with this Award, we'd like to thank you for what you've been doing for us and say "Keep up the good work."



Well, I guess that's that.
She goes back to her painting.
He goes back to wherever he
goes. And that's the picture.

Look! Up there! It's the
Sinpiper bird! The symbol
of this whole movie!

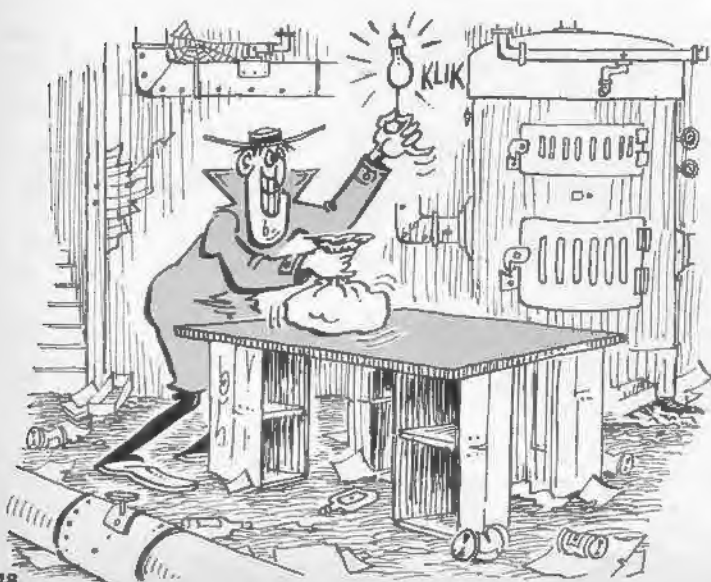
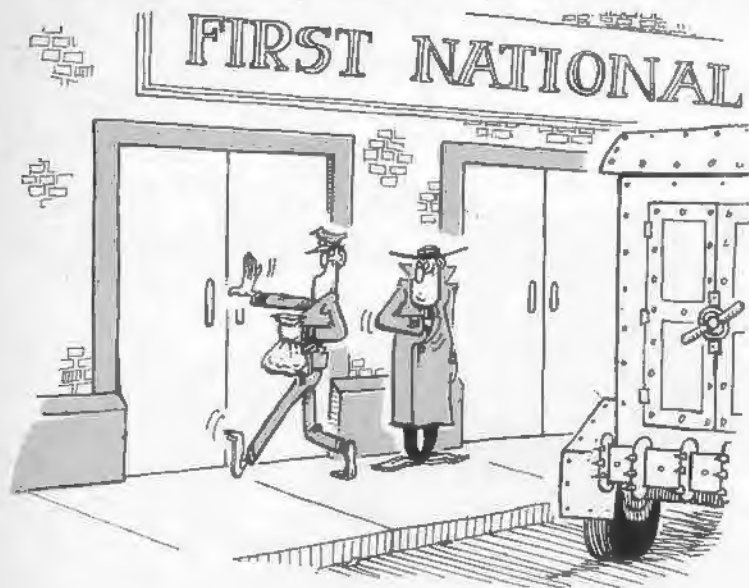


Does anybody here
understand the real,
underlying meaning of the
Sinpiper bird—and us?

Well, here's the way I see it: The Sinpiper bird up there actually represents Liz and Dick, see . . . and we beatniks symbolize the movie-goers of America who are paying good money to see this film, see . . . and—



ANOTHER GREAT BANK ROBBERY



**HOW DO
BOSSSES
PLAN TO
CELEBRATE
FUTURE
OFFICE
XMAS
PARTIES?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING **MAD FOLD-IN**

Office Christmas Parties this past season reached a new high in uninhibited drinking, singing, secretary-grabbing, boss-insulting and other carryings-on... all in the spirit of good clean idiotic fun. As a result, many Employers are already planning ahead. If you fold page in as shown, you will see how they plan to celebrate Xmas in the years to come.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

B ➔

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ **A**

FOLD BACK "A" MEETS "B"



**WITH XMAS SPIRITS OVERFLOWING, NORMALLY SEDATE
EMPLOYEES TURN INTO UNINHIBITED
COMPULSIVE DRUNKS, LIBERTINES AND BOSS-HATERS**

B ➔

◀ **A**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

MAD's Great Moments In Advertising

THE DAY THE
WRONG GIANT
CAME OUT OF
THE WASHER—
HO-HO-HO!

